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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

APRIL, 1936

EDITORIAL COMMENT

REPLY TO DR. JOHN A. RYAN

IN this department of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February I ventured to express a mild disapproval of the tone of President Roosevelt's address to Congress "On the State of the Union." My expressions were much more moderate than those of the President to his critics, but none the less my good friend Dr. John A. Ryan, redoubtable Rooseveltian that he is, wrote that he had "received a considerable shock" from part of the editorial and that one paragraph in particular had "greatly astonished" him. He proposed that he should write a letter "having the dimensions of a short article" in reply to my criticism of the President, the Administration and the New Deal in general. Eager, as always, for an expression of the view of one of America's most competent economists, I welcomed his suggestion. The Open Letter appears in this issue.

Dr. John A. Ryan Is Shocked

Between the time of Dr. Ryan's promise and its fulfillment, there came to the office an article by Dr. Paul Kiniery which seemed not only an almost perfect expression of my own opinion about the "New Deal" but incidentally, and all unknowingly on Dr. Kiniery's part, a better reply to Dr. Ryan than any that I could compose.

In only one way could I even attempt to answer Dr. Ryan; I should have to express my whole mind upon the successes and failures of the Administration's attempt at reconstruction in the past three years. But why do over again what Dr. Kiniery has done so well in his article "Where Are We Going in 1936?" It is an editor's privilege at times to let a contributor do the work and then simply point to it, as the lazy man did to the printed prayer, saying "O Lord, them's my sentiments!"

HOWEVER, there is one phase of the controversy that I feel I must conduct for myself. Dr. Ryan, in his preliminary letter, with polite phrases and the best of intentions, expressed the suspicion

that I have not been doing my own thinking, that I am an example of the tragic fact that "poisonous propaganda and misrepresentation produce trouble in most unexpected places." "Unexpected" because I have been, says my kindly critic, up to now "a champion of social justice . . . competent to see through the shams and shows' perpetrated and exhibited by the American Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers and all the rest of the paid and unpaid retainers of plutocracy."

Now I do confess that I am but an amateur in the difficult and intricate science of economics. But I do like to flatter myself that I am not a tyro in the art of logic. I have, perhaps from vanity, thought that I could detect a fallacy or an insincerity as well as the next man. In a very entertaining little parody on "The Eccentricities of Genius" there occurs a sentence somewhat to this effect: "Thomas Carlyle was an odd character; he never liked to be called an unmitigated ass." Now, with no claim to genius, I none the less have my eccentricities. I don't like to be called gullible. I am touchy about the accusation that paid and unpaid propagandists can pull the wool over my eyes. It may be a sinful idiosyncracy, but I like to believe that my mistakes are my own. I don't excuse myself on the ground that I was led astray by bad companions.

Touched on the Quick

So I shan't let Dr. Kiniery speak for me on that point. I shall try to show Dr. Ryan that I am not an easy mark for "propaganda." In the course of doing so I may perhaps bring out what I think should be the attitude of any true friend of social justice who remains reasonably skeptical about some of the peculiar measures of the "Brain Trust."

TO begin with: like all editors of some years' experience, I am "hard boiled" about printed stuff. And I have the additional advantage of having known for years a very skillful and highly paid propagandist. We were personal friends and I had the privilege of his confidence. On demand, and for a price, he could write you an article on any subject under heaven, and give it the personal touch, though perhaps he had just looked up the matter in the Encyclopedia, or had taken dinner and spent an evening with some one who did really know. Certain orators also have that gift. That, I surmise, is why a *confrère* of mine, a great stickler for accurate scholarship, can think of no more offensive epithet than to call a man an "orator." Give the orator or the propagandist a subject and a few fragments of information and he will build you a great speech, using much the same technique as the archæologist who paints you a complete picture of Nineveh if you but show him a brick dug up out of the sand where Nineveh is supposed to have been.

How the Trick Is Done

Yes, I know the tricks of the trade, archæologists, "orators," propagandists. Forewarned is forearmed. Particularly in my own business, the appreciation of the written word, I am skeptical. Some persons are content with the warning "Don't believe *all* that you read!" I go further. I don't believe *anything* I read. I knew a priest, recently deceased at the age of

eighty-five, who in his long career had been so repeatedly disillusioned that finally he believed "nothing but the Creed and the Commandments." He would have been a tough customer for the professional propagandist. So I think am I. Not eighty-five as yet, I have read mountains of manuscript and print. The more I read the less I take on faith. Will Durant says that certain metaphysical systems "cancel one another to zero." So do propagandist arguments, as far as I am concerned.

IT would perhaps surprise and even scandalize Dr. Ryan if he could know what a *mixtum gatherum omnium* I read. Every day *The New York Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *American*. The *Times* is plutocratic but pro-Roosevelt (moderately), the *Tribune* is editorially of the old stone age of capitalism (I read it on the principle of the Irishman who said "Play me 'The Battle of the Boyne' and see can I stand it!"). The Hearst paper is—well, it's Hearst. It takes a subject, chooses a side and slugs away with "no holds barred"; it doesn't follow even the rough old Marquis of Queensbury rules; it punches and kicks and bites; it trips an opponent, jumps on him when he is down and gouges out his eyes—anything to win. But though Hearst is a foul fighter, he sometimes uncovers a fact that others conceal, and sometimes by accident, happens to be right on the social question.

I read and annotate all important speeches on social problems as printed verbatim in *The New York Times*. (I would subscribe to the *Times* for that service alone.) I read faithfully the pro-Soviet New York *Nation*, and once in a while *The Daily Worker*. On the other extreme, I get *The Wall Street Journal*, when some one rich enough to buy it sends me a copy; Kiplinger's Letter every week; the Brookings Report; Heywood Broun, a dabbler in socialism; Walter Lippmann; *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* whenever they advertise a promising article, as for example, Borah on "The Farmer's Enemy"; Father Coughlin's "Preamble and Principles of the National Union for Social Justice" and the fragments of his Sunday speech in the Monday papers, when I have not time or am disinclined to listen to him.

A Queer Potpourri

I have read with close attention the ten articles by James P. Warburg, who loved Roosevelt, left him, and attacks him, and Donald Richberg who left him but still loves and defends him. I have even read Mencken's pyrotechnical outburst, though I confess he doesn't entertain me as much as he did years ago. He has all the old epithets and the *copia verborum*, but like Eddie Cantor, he works too hard for his laughs. He seems never to remember Hamlet's advice to the players, "in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance." He used to be funny when he was frantic. Now he is only frantic, not funny.

Speaking of fun, there is Herbert Hoover. His speeches (new series) have been sprinkled with epigrams and wisecracks, apparently the work of some self-effacing collaborator. They are less stodgy than the Hoover product of pre-crash days,

but when I read them, as I do for my sins, I can't get out of my mind the line of the parishioner who criticized the pastor, "What you *are* shrieks so loud that I can't hear what you *say*." To me Hoover was, is, and always will be "Wall Street." He has no license to talk social justice or to criticize one who aims to bring about social reform.

Of course I read all the output of the Department of Social Action in the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and I never knowingly miss an article or a book by Dr. John A. Ryan.

So, dear Doctor, you see it's a curious *mélange* that pours into my brain. Some of it is poison but so is vaccine. As one is vaccinated against smallpox, I am vaccinated against propaganda. I think I have acquired immunity.

Propaganda furthermore is a game that both sides can play, and I agree with a recent article in *Time*, which says, "In its propaganda department the Democratic staff wholly outranks its opponents." I see far more Roosevelt propaganda than anti-Roosevelt propaganda. So if the Rooseveltians don't get me it is their own fault.

Not All Unrelieved Labor

I DON'T want to give the impression that in reading all this economic and political stuff, I think myself a martyr to painful duty. The job of following the pro-New Deal anti-New Deal debate is a rather stiff one, but it has its compensations. Sometimes it provides a good laugh. For example: on the morning after the President's speech "On the State of the Union," I glanced through a concatenation of journalistic opinions: "A dramatic but not convincing speech"; "a heroic effort, eloquent, compact with idealism, emotion, satire"; "an out and out political harangue"; "brilliant, challenging, will go down in history as one of the nation's imperishable state papers"; "quite alien to Mr. Roosevelt's manner in its intolerance and its violence of partisanship"; "millions heard one of the greatest speeches of their lives"; "a degradation of the Presidency and of Congress"; "sound logic and sound strategy"; "distasteful, embarrassing, a partisan harangue"; and so on and so on. What does a man do in such circumstances to safeguard his sanity? First he laughs, second he reads the speech, and in the end he does what all sensible patients do when doctors disagree.

A Few Enemies of F. D. R.

I AM quite as skeptical about propaganda in the flesh as about that on the printed page. In fact I make it a rule to consider always the source whence propaganda comes. Take Frank Knox. A year or two ago he was an enthusiast for the N.R.A. To-day he is a vicious critic of the President, asking with Cassius, "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?" That might be legitimate. Even an editor may quote Shakespeare to his purpose. But the catch is that Colonel Knox is a candidate, and, at least in accordance with my private code, a candidate must be discounted or even disqualified as a critic. Knox is after the President's job and I don't know whether he is going after it as a patriot or as a politician. His conversion is suspect.

Father Coughlin is evidently em-

barrassed by his slogan of some time ago, "Roosevelt or Ruin." When he commenced to chant that refrain over the radio, I said to myself, "A mistake! Pin your faith to a principle and not to a person. You may have to swallow those words." How the eloquent Father managed to cover up the ignominy of his strategic retreat I don't know; I don't always hear him. But I am told that lately his cry is "Roosevelt *and* Ruin!", though he does add the weasel word, *"unless!"* Ordinarily, he seems to wish to avoid *lèse majesté;* he prefers to attack "the administration" rather than "the President." So he proclaims in his familiar stentorian tones that Hopkins, Wallace and others close to the President are "leading the way to unadulterated Communism." But on the other hand Harry Elmer Barnes (yes, I can even stomach an occasional dose of Barnes) says that Father Coughlin is leading the way to unadulterated Fascism. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

So I hope Dr. Ryan may admit that I do not too easily succumb to the magic of a voice, even if it throbs with emotion and rises again and again in a crescendo of indignation. As a matter of fact I am not a radio addict. I have to spend so much time at the microphone that I feel excused from spending more time at the receiver. I don't fancy a busman's holiday.

At the other extreme from Father Coughlin are the incorrigible Bourbons such as Rev. Dr. George Barton Cutten who thinks "nothing threatens the race as seriously as social legislation," and that "the greatest sinners are the philanthropists" who keep people alive when Nature wants them dead. He laments the suicide of the race, but seems to favor (inferentially) the suicide of the individual. The logic of his argument seems to be that the government should send around a supply of chloroform for the aged as it sends seeds to the farmers, and that philanthropy should be declared treason. I am sure the President would like to have Dr. Cutten make that speech to the nation and not merely to the Colgate Convocation.

Enmity Makes Strange Bedfellows

Robert Taft, son of the late President, talks—hysterically as it seems to me—of the "campaign commissars, who are to Franklin D. Roosevelt what the Hessians were to George III.," accuses the President of "attacking the very basis of American democracy" and of "letting the people believe that their problems can be solved and their lives made easier by taking money away from other people."

Hamilton Fish, Jr., who vies with Ogden Mills as leader of the let-them-eat-cake aristocrats, is hot and bothered because the President asked Congress to assemble at nine o'clock in the evening so that the largest possible radio audience might hear him. Mr. Fish seems to think the President committed a social error, like wearing a dinner jacket before 6 P. M. But the blue-bloods are not always sticklers for good taste. They can fling epithets like a fishwife. "The New Dealers will continue their mad orgy of waste, extravagance and squandermania," says Mr. Fish. He doesn't mention pre-depression orgies, paid for by the people's money, but these were Wall Street orgies and it seems to make a difference. He continues, taking a cue from Frank Knox and

borrowing from Shakespeare, "The political caldron is beginning to seethe and bubble and the ingredients which Macbeth's witches used for their hell's broth were not more various or infernal than those which are being thrown into the mess now being brewed by Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell, and the rest of the Brain Trust, and at times by the President himself." Now this may be counted good oratory on Park Avenue, but it sounds funny—and "phony"—to me. Jim Farley should egg these aristocrats on to speak oftener. It is good propaganda—in reverse.

There are others, plenty of them —paid and unpaid propagandists. But why continue? Truly, Dr. Ryan, I should be what Carlyle didn't like to be called if I were to succumb to the lure of the typical anti-Roosevelt harangue.

The Liberty League

AS for my friend's fear that I have been victimized by the "Liberty League": I have a preliminary disposition to distrust any society that calls itself by a highflown name. I learned, back in the 1890's, by close observation of the American Protective Association that pseudo-patriots always hide behind an imposing façade to do their dirty work. Before the A.P.A. there were "Guardians of Liberty" and "Sons of Liberty" and all that. So I am not to be gulled by a word.

And, as it happens, my antipathy to the present Liberty League depends in part upon a childhood memory. One of my first shocking experiences as a small boy was to hear my father and some of his friends talking about acquaintances of theirs who had made fortunes out of the Civil War. My school books pictured war as unmitigated catastrophe and civil war as a kind of crucifixion of all the people. To make money out of war seemed inhuman. I have not outgrown that conviction. I still hold in horror any private fortune built wholly or partially on bloodshed. I never had any esteem for the Nobel peace prize after I learned that Alfred Nobel made explosives and that his products were used in warfare. Such a one's idea of leaving money for a peace prize seems to me quite as cynical as the philosophy of Andrew Undershaft in Shaw's *Major Barbara*. In the same category with these "Merchants of Death" I place the twelve living Du Ponts and their ancestors. Their business doubtless is legal—and all that—but there is blood upon their money. That they should sponsor a "Liberty League" is to me on a par with Alfred Nobel's establishing a peace prize. So, I am not likely to fall for the propaganda of the "Liberty League."

AS for Al Smith's association with them, I never think of it but Robert Browning's lines on "The Lost Leader" leap to my memory: "Just for a handful of silver he left us, just for a riband to stick in his coat. . . . We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him . . . made him our pattern to live and to die. . . . He alone breaks from the van and the freemen." It would be unfair to apply all those reproaches strictly to Mr. Smith: Browning confesses it was unfair to apply them to Wordsworth. But he does say, none the less, that "Wordsworth's defection was an event to deplore." So, in my opinion is Al Smith's fraternization with manufacturers of munitions.

Alas, poor Al! The State of New York and the United States are indebted to him on many accounts. Also—and I think the importance of this fact cannot be stressed too much—he is a man who has suffered for conscience' sake. There are not many such in public life, in fact almost none. "I would rather be right than President," said Henry Clay. Al Smith did not say it, but exemplified it. He was true to his faith — natural and supernatural faith, his political creed and his religious creed, and so he lost the White House.

Alas, Al Smith!

That is what accentuates the tragedy. Somehow, his honor and integrity remaining intact, he has been maneuvered into a false position. In heart and soul he is, I feel sure, as true a friend of the poor man as he ever was, but he has been less adroit, as an honest man often is, than those who find it convenient to use him. They have made it seem that he is with the rich and against the poor and not all the explanations or expostulations he may make can alter the conviction of the multitude. It is unfortunate, perhaps it isn't fair or just, but it is a fact. He fell among robbers and they stripped him—stripped him of his reputation as champion of the common man. And now, to the amazement of all he is joining forces with those who took from him what he should have held most precious.

SO, my dear Monsignor, if you imagine that I have been diverted from the straight path of social justice by a blind devotion to one whom I used to admire—and still admire—you may dismiss the supposition and rest easy. The Liberty League even with Al Smith as its spokesman does not fascinate me. It revolts me.

WHEN Dr. Ryan mentioned the National Manufacturers' Association, I dug out their platform and read it, but it left me stone cold. They don't seem even so much as to visualize the industrial situation. Or if they do, they keep the vision to themselves, still clinging to the Hoover psychology, in accordance with which if you don't look at an evil it doesn't exist.

In the course of a conversation with one of them, Mr. Schwab, whose displeasure I had incurred by a radio utterance, I reminded him that he had poohpoohed the stock market smash, and I said "I suppose you did that for psychological reasons?" "No! No!" he answered, "I am a genuine optimist." G. K. C. has said somewhere "There is a kind of optimism that is the very heart of hell." Any optimism that refuses, stoic like, to be alarmed in the face of enormous calamity meets Chesterton's definition. The National Association of Manufacturers seems deliberately to cultivate that kind of optimism. They want no radical change. The capitalistic system is all right, even though it produces five panics and a record-breaking depression in half a century. The National Manufacturers' Association is not to my taste. Don't worry, Doctor.

A Hellish Optimism

WELL then, why did I criticize President Roosevelt? Anyone who takes the pains to look back upon the offending February editorial will see that about seven-tenths of it or more, was concerned with Mr. Roosevelt's manner rather than

with the matter of the N.R.A. I confessed that in common with a great many friendly and docile Americans I was getting scared about present expenditures and future taxes, about the continuation of unemployment on a vast scale in spite of all governmental measures to put the nation back to work; about apparently undemocratic experiments in American government; about an alleged disrespect for constitutional action; and about a good many other dubious features of the New Deal.

I did not commit myself to a dogmatic denunciation of the President or even of the Brain Trust. I did not repeat the mad and foolish phrases of the Hamilton Fishes and the Robert Tafts. But I did say I hoped the President would advert to the fact that not all who questioned the wisdom of certain phases of the New Deal were his enemies. His friends needed reassurance. "We were worried," I said, "but we wanted evidence that we were mistaken. We desired repudiation of the common allegation that Mr. Roosevelt had veered too far to the left, and that with reelection and more power he would rush even further into radicalism. In a word, we looked to the annual message for comfort and reassurance. It didn't come. There was tirade, first against Europe and then against those whom he regards as his enemies in America. Not one word was spoken to the alarmed—not unreasonably alarmed — advocates of social and economic reform, who no matter how much they desire such reform, hope that it can be effected within the framework of the Constitution and of democracy. It is nothing less than calamitous," I concluded, "that our President saw fit to ignore us, and in effect to jeer at us."

Why, Then, Are We Fearful?

Instead of receiving comfort and encouragement we were roundly scolded. Like the President, Professor Tugwell castigated us. In a speech delivered last fall in Los Angeles and reprinted verbatim in the New York *Sun* of March 7th, the coryphæus of the Brain Trust talked incessantly of "aristocrats," "money changers in the temple," "forestallers in the market place," of those who "pervert facts and spread abroad alarming tales." He counseled hatred, asking us to "nurse an energizing wrath," and to "cultivate the anger that drives us forward." "Those who would have us stop," he said, "have short memories, hardened hearts and lying tongues." He excoriates "many of the owners who stand to gain from disorder and disunity," and he asks us "to despise the enemy with a lasting and righteous anger."

A Tugwellian Scolding

Now may I say in all good temper that we who would dearly love to believe that the New Deal is the dawn of the millennium but who have some qualms about it, are pretty well fed up with Tugwellian abuse? We are *not* Mr. Roosevelt's enemies. We voted for him and most of us will vote for him again. We refuse to be lumped together with "money changers" (by the way, how about a breathing spell from that word?). We are simple, sincere, but not too sure of our economics. When we see tables of figures prepared by the United States Treasury showing that the Roosevelt administration has expended 5 billion dollars more than the cost

of the national government from the year of its foundation until 1913; when we see the annual deficit mounting ominously until at the end of 1937 it will be 37 billions; when we reflect that all this debt has to be paid and that taxes now are almost smothering the common man; when in the face of all this we not only had the President's word, no, not his *word* but what he called a *solemn covenant* with the nation that he would reduce expenditures, because as he said the Hoover administration was the "greatest spending administration in peace times in all history," and that he would "carry out the plain precept of our party and reduce the cost of the current federal government by 25 per cent," and that he would "stop borrowing and stop the deficits," and that he was emphatically "against unwise governmental interference with business"; when furthermore we see the development of an enormous bureaucracy which can be so easily transformed into a political machine; when we hear from one corner of the country and from another that it has been so transformed; when we see with misgivings the increasing centralization of power in Washington; when we fear with a reasonable fear that the fabric will become top-heavy; when we see that 10 millions, some say 12 millions are still unemployed, in spite of all efforts to find work for them; when our hearts are torn every day by unending evidences of destitution, in spite of reports of an increase in industry and in spite of rising prices on the Stock Exchange; when we read not in the harangue of a paid propagandist but in the minority report of Mr. Justice McReynolds: "The record leaves no room for reasonable doubt that the primary purpose [of the T.V.A.] was to put the Federal government into the business of distributing and selling electric power throughout certain large districts, to expel the power companies which had long serviced them and to control the market therein"; when, when, when—but why pile up the causes of our alarm? *We want reassurance and we must have it!*

Explain and Console

THAT was the theme of the editorial that surprised and shocked Dr. Ryan. That and essentially nothing more. I have not fallen from grace, my friend. I have not fled like a rat from the good ship "Social Justice." I want Social Justice, but when I grow scary about the method of producing it, I don't wish to be denounced by Tugwell as an enemy of social reform or by the President himself as a "Tory."

It will not do to scold me and those who feel as I do. Don't call us "silly" and abuse us as "timid souls." We may be silly and timid, but for that reason we need some good kind friend who knows more than we do to sit down and speak soothing words to us. If the President won't do it, if Tugwell won't do it; if even Dr. Ryan will not so much as admit one reasonable substantial argument against the Roosevelt policies, then the Administration's propaganda — like that of Ogden Mills and Hamilton Fish—may work—in reverse.

WHERE ARE WE GOING IN 1936?

By Paul Kiniery, Ph.D.

NO sane man will attempt the rôle of a prophet in 1936. But as the time approaches for the opening of the presidential campaign proper, a candid evaluation of our present national scene is decidedly in order.

The Republican party lost the last election because it was unable to wrest the nation from the grip of the panic of 1929. The American business man was desperate, and his desperation was conveyed to the nation at large. The market value of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange sank from a high of $89,668,000,000 on September 1, 1929, to a low of $15,633,000,000 on July 1, 1932. In view of the barometric effect, justifiable or not, of the stock market on the American mentality, the marvel is that there was even the appearance of a campaign in 1932.

Then came that unfortunately long interval from November, 1932, until March, 1933, during which the Republicans made no effort to hand over the nation intact to the incoming administration, and the Democrats in Congress contrived to block any efforts made by President Hoover to sponsor sound legislation. Each party did what it could to ruin the country, and the crisis of March, 1933, showed that they nearly succeeded. The opening months of the present administration were hectic. The leaders, so called, of business and industry were in a decidedly penitent mood. The fear of losing all financial and monopolistic control made many of them very unselfish, and for the first time in many years, very quiet. A half loaf was for the moment considered much more sustaining than no loaf at all. The most individualistic and belligerent Americans voiced little opposition while much of the proposed planned economy which had been advanced and then forgotten in 1931 was once more brought forward, changed a bit, and enacted as the law of the land. By the latter part of 1933, data were advanced by government revealing rises in commodity prices, advances of stock prices on the Exchange, increased employment in industry, and absorption of workers on projects under government supervision. And so it was assumed that if enough government boards could be created, recovery would be a necessary accompaniment.

But such has decidedly not been the case. Although the welcome accorded to much of the legislation which began to operate in the early months of the present administration seemed to augur for its eventual success, we now know that much of it was destined for an untimely end. The National Industrial Recovery Act, which presumably was to regularize our industrial life, has been declared unconstitutional by a unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court. The Agricultural Adjustment Act, which was to do for agriculture what the N.I.R.A. was to do for industry, has been declared unconstitutional by the same august tribunal by a vote of 6-3. By implica-

tion, and assuming a fairly consistent attitude upon the part of the court, the Wagner Act, the Guffey Act, and similar pieces of social legislation will be declared inoperative by the Supreme Court. Apparently, any effort to aid and control either agriculture or labor by national legislation would be outlawed by the Supreme Court. Congress is not inclined to make any decided effort to formulate legislation which may pass the court. Legislation which would grant aid to farmers on the ground that soil erosion must be prevented, would be merely a subterfuge and as such unworthy of our supreme legislature, but it appears to be the only expedient to accomplish the desired end at the present time. Forcing the Congress of the United States to resort to duplicity is one of the most degrading and dangerous innovations in our national history. The Supreme Court was not intended as the obstructing force which it has now become in our national life. Certainly it did not occupy that position in the early decades of our republic, when the men who were in charge of the government were the same men who had made the Constitution, and presumably understood its spirit and meaning.

It seems that the only procedure which might guarantee the success of national labor and farm legislation would be to pass an amendment to the Constitution, expressly conferring upon Congress the right to deal with such matters. That is a rather involved and time-consuming undertaking, and it is quite possible that a minority of the States, thirteen in number, representing possibly a small fraction of the population, would be able to block the adoption of the amendment. To make confusion worse confounded, *The Literary Digest* poll seems to indicate a marked lack of confidence in New Deal legislation. Influential newspapers and newspaper chains, which were silent or coöperative in 1933, have for many months been attacking the administration, by effective use of cartoon, editorial, and carefully selected news items. The major party not in power is undoubtedly pleased over the discomfiture of the party in power, particularly as that embarrassment flows from decisions of the Supreme Court. However, the Republican National Committee realizes that unseemly glee might be in poor taste, in view of the coming election. It would require an unusually stupid Republican to arrange for a celebration in Footville, Wis., or any other average rural community, because of the repeal of the Agricultural Adjustment Act.

The nation, which was so concerned with indebtedness and a balanced budget in 1933, now views with complacence a national debt of over $30,000,000,000, and the prospect of a national debt of over $35,000,000,000 by July 1, 1937. The prospect of paying over $2,000,000,000 in the form of a soldiers' bonus, which excited us greatly a few years ago, is now accepted as a matter of course. Even the so-called "rubber stamp" Congress made short work of the presidential veto, which was understood as nothing more than a gesture. At no time in our national history was there a more general and widespread intent to loot the national treasury. Respectable organizations and units of government have concluded that

since log rolling and treasury raiding have become respectable pursuits, common sense demands that one should get as much as possible before it is too late. Since the treasury, so-called, is now merely a depository of debts rather than credits, such piratical procedure is not only disgraceful but destructive. Nothing more than such an attitude is required to plunge the nation into bankruptcy and ruin.

The justification for such raids is of course the generosity of the administration with reference to hastily formulated plans of relief. It cannot be denied that an administration which indiscriminately spends money cannot at the same time plead poverty and ask for mutual sacrifice. Increased expenditures, accompanied by decreased revenues can mean only one thing for the greatest government on earth, just as they would for the meanest individual, namely, bankruptcy. One United States senator advised recipients of the bonus to cash the bonds as soon as received, since the government may decide to repudiate its bonded obligations. This writer has encountered the same attitude in conversations with veterans. The good old American principle of "I'll get mine," is working rapidly to destroy whatever was not wrecked by the destructive rapacity of the rugged individualist, robber baron, and exploiter of past decades of our national life. The American people have never become convinced that they are the government. The belief is deeply ingrained that regardless of how shameful the conduct of the citizenry may be, some unknown factor will preserve the nation. Money has been distributed so generously and so generally all over the nation, in areas controlled by each of the two major parties, that there has been no concerted protest from either group. The glad tidings carried in the Chicago papers on January 22, 1936, to the effect that the second largest city in the country had been granted an additional $22,000,000 of so-called "easy money" from the federal government, is merely typical. Communities which formerly boasted of their ability to care for their local problems now join in the trek to Washington for public funds. Governors, mayors, and other officials are appraised at home according to their respective abilities to secure money from Washington. At times, to add insult to injury, State officials who are loud in their condemnation of the national administration, seem not to realize that federal funds are keeping people from starving to death in their respective States. Georgia and Kansas are cases in point.

We are becoming more centralized because our local governments have lost courage and initiative, not because a federal government has methodically sought to absorb local functions. Virtually all the extraordinary powers being exercised by the national government to-day are the result of cowardice or helplessness upon the part of local units of government. In many cases the bureaucratic methods employed by the national government make services much more expensive than they would be if administered by local government. An appearance of prosperity is abroad in the land, much of which is the result of federal spending. If the federal government would stop spending money to-day, people would starve in this land of plenty to-morrow. If the federal government would

actually withdraw from all business connections, as some individuals demand, this nation would experience such a collapse in its banking and industrial structure that its survival would be a miracle. Federal money cannot be withdrawn from federal work projects, from banks, from insurance companies, from railroads, and from other organizations without bringing certain ruin to literally thousands of investors. On October 1, 1935, banks still owed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation over $400,000,000. In February, 1936, railroads owed the R.F.C. over $400,000,000; mortgage companies were indebted to the extent of about $130,000,000; building and loan companies owed over $8,000,000; and insurance companies still had over $30,000,000 of government money. A considerable amount of government money will perhaps be lost as a result of governmental aid to business, but that will in no wise justify the condemnation of such an organization as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Be it remembered, too, by critics of the present administration, that the R.F.C. was formed under the Hoover administration, and was willingly carried over by the Roosevelt administration.

It is questionable as to whether the nation is any more sound industrially than it was three or even five years ago. It is true, and no one will deny, that business is more active than it was a few years ago; that bank failures are very rare; that retail sales were greater toward the end of 1935 than in the comparable period a year before; that power output and machine tool production in the early part of 1936 are approximately on the level of 1929; that the national income is increasing; that the automobile industry is making more cars than it was a year ago; and that the market values of the shares listed on the New York Exchange rose from $33,933,882,000 on January 1, 1935, to $46,945,582,000 on January 1, 1936. Were it not for the inflated values given to stock values in 1929 it would be possible to take more comfort from the rise in the market. Rumors are abroad once more that many stocks are selling at higher prices than their earnings would justify. There is unfortunately little or no necessary connection between an active stock market and an industrially sound nation.

On the other side of the books, there are certain disturbing facts. Car loadings did rise toward the end of 1935, it is true, but during the first half of 1935 they were below the average of 1934. In general, car loadings are nowadays about 40 per cent of normal. That is serious, despite the fact that a great deal of freight is being carried by motor trucks.

Unemployment is perhaps at about the same figure that it was a year ago, affecting at least 11,000,000 would-be workers. There are, according to conservative estimates, about 5,000,000 unemployed young people between the ages of 16 and 25, who have no work and no prospect of work. Formerly we were concerned primarily with the worker who was thrown on the industrial scrap heap at the age of 45. Now we have the latter still to worry about, and the equally serious fact that the young worker finds it absolutely impossible to find work in the United States. The number of those on relief or on work

relief of one kind or another, remains in the neighborhood of 20,000,000. To this number might be added those farmers who until recently were securing much needed aid from government grants of one kind or another. A grand total of over 40,000,000 people dependent to a greater or less degree upon governmental aid, is by no means an exaggeration.

Despite every effort to encourage construction, the building industry is perhaps functioning at less than one third of normal.

Bankers admit that they see no hope of an active year. Commercial loans were less in 1935 than in 1934 and presumably will be less in 1936 than in 1935. Many banks are no longer banks in the true sense of the word, but merely agencies which collect money from depositors and invest the money in government securities. Banks are not increasing their holdings in private enterprises. Until they do that, all hope of industrial recovery is vain.

Undoubtedly it would be more pleasant for all concerned if this article were more optimistic. It is extremely questionable, however, as to whether optimism will pull us through the depression. We have tried that. It is very difficult to be optimistic about the future of what should be a great nation when one realizes that we have in this country perhaps 11,000,000 unemployed; another 11,000,000 barely upon the subsistence level; at least 20,000,000 who are utterly dependent upon the government for food and shelter; that banks owing hundreds of millions to the government are buying government bonds instead of private securities; that farms and homes by the hundreds of thousands are mortgaged to the government, which in turn is forced to spend many millions each month in order to keep the machine going at all; and, finally, that the government is running deeper and deeper into debt, with no practicable plan of repayment. If that is industrial recovery, it is hard to see what some people would call a depression. Unless one is prepared to recommend that at some future date the government simply write off its debts, cancel the outstanding securities, and wipe out the remnants of the middle class, it is difficult to see any release from staggering federal taxation for many decades to come.

Even more depressing than the economic situation proper, is the thought of the effect of such economic conditions upon the younger generations. There is not an adult in this nation who can assure the average boy or girl of fifteen that there will be a place for that young American upon reaching adulthood. That is the greatest tragedy, perhaps, which afflicts us to-day. When such a situation develops, the population is certain to decrease. It matters not whether the population be predominantly Protestant or Catholic, advocates of or opponents of birth control. If an economic order cannot absorb the young men and women who are growing up, there is something fundamentally, not accidentally, wrong with that order, whether it be labeled Capitalism, Fascism, Socialism, Communism, or what you will. The name will neither save it nor destroy it, but the rising generations will wreck it,—peacefully if they can, by violence if they must. That is not a threat; it is merely a reasonable presumption and a conclusion from history. Some representative Americans have reconciled themselves to

a permanently unemployed population of at least 5,000,000. Presumably that number would increase in the future to some extent. One of the hopeful aspirants for the presidential nomination attempting to suggest a remedy has stated that the only solution of unemployment is to place each unemployed adult, or family group, as the case might be, upon a plot of from two to five acres of ground, and expect him or them to make a living. Such a statement is reproduced here merely to show the utter lack of ability of many so-called hard-headed business men, who pose as our leaders. Even the formation of larger subsistence homesteads on a big scale has been found impossible because of the prohibitive cost of building the homes. The efforts of this type which have been made by the present administration are excluded by the limits of this paper. Some were ill-advised, without a doubt. But they were efforts to deal haltingly, at least, with the great national evil.

And now the question may be asked: What may be done to bring about prosperity?,—or the even more fundamental question: May prosperity be brought about at all? In answer to the latter inquiry, it is our belief that industrial prosperity may be achieved. It seems more correct to say achieved, rather than restored, since there is no substantial evidence that we have enjoyed it at any former period in our history. Many wage groups were always without even the appearances of security and decency. To say that the industrial order prior to 1929 assured a decent livelihood to American workers is to give expression to an ordinary lie, as virtually everyone is now beginning to admit. Fortunately, however, the nation possesses great possibilities in undeveloped wealth. With its development and equitable distribution the decencies and comforts which should be accorded to human beings would be assured. If we are going to continue functioning as a nation, it is well for a fraction of the attention which has been diverted to property rights to be now shown to human rights. It is undoubtedly true that certain men and certain legislatures are making it virtually impossible for great numbers of human beings to live decently in this country. It is possible that the obstinacy of the group in possession of wealth and the recklessness of demagogues may precipitate bitter class struggles. Apart from violence, the poorer classes have in the ballot the power to bring about necessary changes. Mass voting by the poor might change our government fundamentally—whether or not wisely—within a few years.

Impeding our progress to sound prosperity is the solution of other problems besides that of unemployment, some of which are national in their significance. One of these is the farm problem. That difficulty, despite the wishes of the Supreme Court, cannot be solved by the actions of the individual States. The States which have the most acute farm problems are the very ones which can do nothing to solve them. Most of them are too poor to give any aid to agriculture, and it is impossible to induce all the States to agree to the same farm program.

As for labor problems, also national in their effects, it is likewise impossible to induce all the State legislatures to agree upon a policy

which may affect employer and employees. The States which pass legislation which discriminates against the employer as compared to the employee, will witness the departure of the offended employers to States which have less social conscience. The State industrial compacts which are being made cannot be an effective solution. Labor problems in many industries are nation-wide, and any attempt of the individual States to deal with them is doomed to failure.

In solving problems of national significance, it seems that little is to be hoped for from the employers themselves. The antipathy which employers generally felt toward the N.R.A. indicated how desirous they were to be free of anything that smacked of governmental supervision. They felt, for example, no obligation to regularize, and to some extent to guarantee employment. There is little enthusiasm among employers for unemployment insurance. Exceptions there have been, it is true, but the majority have been opposed to any interference coming from the State.

The four studies issued by the Brookings Institution, under the titles, *America's Capacity to Produce, America's Capacity to Consume, The Formation of Capital,* and *Income and Economic Progress,* during the years 1934-1935, told Americans in an academic and unbiased way, many things which formerly had been unsuspected. These volumes reveal that we did not have a great and prosperous middle class in this country even in the boom year of 1929. After having presented very weighty evidence that production in the boom year 1929 was at most approximately 80 per cent of capacity, the investigators made it clear that in the same year, 1929, when wages were supposed to be comparatively satisfactory, approximately 70 per cent of the population were forced to spend all their earnings on the bare necessities of life. There were apparently about 12,000,000 families in the nation in 1929 having incomes of less than $1,500 per year, and six million families with incomes of less than $1,000 per year.

These estimates of the Brookings studies coincide quite closely with earlier and similar studies made by Father Francis J. Haas, and incorporated in his book, *Man and Society.* It was the judgment of Father Haas that in the best years prior to 1929, about 40 per cent of the working population lived definitely beneath the level of decent subsistence. Efforts to save money and provide for sickness, old age, and other similar needs were doomed to failure, for the simple reason that there was no surplus money which might be saved. The Brookings Institution makes it indisputable that in 1929 only 2,000,000 families, or 8 per cent of the population, enjoyed incomes of over $2,000 per year. To make matters worse, many of those who were in the so-called middle class, much smaller in numbers than we formerly thought, have since 1929 been reduced to a poverty that is more degrading than they had imagined possible. In view of the fact that less than 10 per cent of the population had incomes which made possible the purchase of conveniences and luxuries, and in view of the accompanying fact that over 70 per cent of the people were not making enough money to assure them the

goods which the Department of Agriculture considered "essential" for a reasonable standard of living, it becomes evident that there was not the excess plant capacity which we had thought existed. The conclusions are virtually self-evident: that the nation can produce more than it is producing; that the great masses of the people do not have the income to buy what they want; that a very small minority of the people are enjoying incomes which are much greater than necessary to satisfy normal demands; and that this minority is simply unable to make consumption balance potential production.

We here encounter the old problem which has received so much attention of late years, namely, the methods whereby purchasing power may be increased without ruining the rest of the economic structure. Not until some approximate balance is struck will there be industrial recovery. Only by spending more money on consumption goods than on capital goods can the nation reach any degree of industrial prosperity. The recommendation made by Dr. Harold G. Moulton, president of the Brookings Institution, was to the effect that capitalism should reduce prices without at the same time, reducing wages. It was his opinion, stated briefly, that a general reduction of prices would develop a more widespread consumption of goods, which would bring about more industrial activity, and that development in turn would bring about much more general employment, and that in turn would furnish the purchasing power necessary to keep the system operating indefinitely. These suggestions are certainly not novel or radical. One great cause of the depression was the fact that selling prices in the 1920's did not decrease in proportion to manufacturing costs. Some industries did make efforts to pass the benefit of reduced manufacturing costs on to the consumer, but many of them did not. The result was a lessening ability upon the part of the consumer to buy goods; a lessening demand for goods; the appearance of overproduction; an effort to curtail production generally,—and the depression.

Some of the most conservative observers of economic affairs have stated flatly in recent years that the only real and sound justification for the existence of any industry is the furnishing of employment. From this camp have come the admissions that industry has not for its primary purpose the enrichment of investors through dividends, but the sustenance of the masses of the people. If private initiative cannot keep farms under cultivation and the wheels of industry turning, it becomes absolutely necessary that a coöperative effort, probably governmental in nature, develop farming and industry so that people may be supplied not only with necessities, but with at least some conveniences and luxuries.

Naturally, such a suggestion comes into conflict with the profit motive, which is the one thing held sacred, if anything really is, by the controlling classes in American life. Despite the fact that virtually every bank in the nation has more money than it can invest safely and profitably, we still are conscious of the demands for high interest and dividends. This attitude accounts for the rather frigid reception of Dr. Moulton's recommendations in many a business circle. Some of

the hostility of business in general to such a ridiculous suggestion as lower prices without a wage slash is quite evident in the letters printed in the January, 1936, issue of *Fortune*. One critic of Dr. Moulton stated bluntly that profit was the chief motive and that anything that would produce a profit would be acceptable to business, even though that might consist in shipping munitions abroad, with the realization that those same munitions might later be used to destroy the factory which had made the munitions. It was stated that business was business, and that a business concern is trying to make money in the shortest time possible, with no ethical or patriotic considerations in mind.

In short, now that business is not so frightened as it was in 1933, the welfare of profits is again placed before the welfare of human beings or of the nation. And yet, strange to say, such statements are considered sane, sound, and conservative by many people. To me, they are violent and radical. They are as violent and radical, so far as human beings, the nation, and the Catholic Church are concerned, as any idea ever expressed by Marx, Lenin, or Stalin.

It is hard, therefore, to predict precisely where we are going in 1936. Despite various encouraging signs in the business world, there are only too many indications that no sound industrial recovery has as yet been achieved. That in itself would be serious, but it would be more serious if the people of the nation were to lose all enthusiasm for a better economic order, and go back to the old order with its familiar evils, rather than pass through a period of travail to a better era. There are many who are extremely dissatisfied with things as they are and as they have been. This group has been working for some years for an improvement. No one political party can claim credit for what progress has been made, and no political party is responsible for all the failures that have been registered since 1929. There has been a vast amount of destructive and constructive criticism unloosed in this nation since 1929. That is a healthy sign. Yet some who feel antagonistic to the existing system have hesitated to speak because they were unable to suggest a substitute. The nation is perhaps the poorer for their silence, for some are temperamentally fitted for destructive purposes; others, for constructive work. There is plenty of work for each. It is quite in order that an existing arrangement be destroyed, even though nothing be substituted for it. Some of the more wretched sections of our cities are being improved by the process of tearing down old buildings, and not replacing them. Despite philosophical deductions on the benefits of existence, it is sometimes much better for the community that a structure, physical or political, should not be than be. Nature may abhor a vacuum, but an economic order does not abhor the absence of a cancerous growth which threatens the sound and healthy tissues of the body. Discretion of course dictates that the destructive work be kept within bounds, and that continuity be maintained between the old order and the new.

The present economic order should be our concern, rather than

the individuals who have profited from it. The average millionaire has done what the average individual would have done, similarly situated. He has taken advantage of a situation which was not of his making, and often has done so without much thought of the consequences of his actions. It is true that some individuals receive each year more money that is good for the welfare of the nation, or for their own welfare. However, of the national income of 1934, approximately $43,000,000,000, which is about half that of the boom years, or about 90 per cent, went to people having incomes of less than $5,000 per year, and therefore only about 10 per cent went to people having incomes of over $5,000 per year. If the lower paid groups received the entire national income of the present period, millions of them would still remain on the subsistence level. The need is for the greater production of goods, not for the curtailment. However, we ought not produce as much of everything as we can. We have, in short, the possibility of planning or not planning. We have, to put it another and less acceptable way, the choice between regimentation and national security, or chaos and anarchy.

For example: the government must be able to force an industry to discuss matters of wages, hours, and other such matters, with the accredited representatives of labor. When the industry is able to make any concession and is unwilling, the government should force compliance, or make the industry a government property. That proposal is so old that it will seem new to some, whose memory is short. Theodore Roosevelt, who seems of late to have established himself with the conservatives of the nation, was on the point of doing that very thing in 1902, when the anthracite coal mine owners had decided that it would be better for the people to do without coal than for the owners to do without high dividends. Roosevelt threatened to take over the mines and have them operated by the army. The threat was enough. It may well be, however, that the American people will be unwilling to agree to greater governmental supervision of industry. The election of 1936 will decide the matter.

For the time being, the administration and business are confused. The Supreme Court unexpectedly sustained the administration, after the administration had voided the promises made by preceding administrations to pay certain governmental obligations in gold. Again, unexpectedly, the Court declared null and void the N.R.A., after it had functioned fairly satisfactorily in the industrial world for many months. The decision on the A.A.A. made it clear that the Supreme Court was unwilling that the national government should do anything to control crop production. As a final confusing decision to date, the Court has declared that the federal government may remain in the utility business in the Tennessee River Valley, at least for the time being. The decision did not really come to grips with the constitutionality of government utility operation, with the result that government and business are more confused than ever before. The reports made by the Tennessee Valley Authority would perhaps have convinced any other group of nine men in the United States, ex-

cept those on the Supreme Court bench, that electrical power production was the objective of the undertaking, and not the promotion of navigation on a river whose carrying trade has always been and will continue to be, of negligible importance. Since 1933 the Democratic party has disregarded much of the platform of 1932; alphabetical boards have worked directly against one another on several occasions; the Republican party has taken to itself many of the slogans of the old Democratic party; the new Democratic party has out-Hamiltoned Hamilton in many ways; the Supreme Court has swallowed some full grown camels and choked over and refused to swallow some infinitesimal gnats; business threw in its lot with the administration when it was hopeful of dominating the N.R.A., and promptly turned against the N.R.A. and the government when it was evident that the ordinary laborer was to receive consideration; budget balancing and economy in government have been relegated to the scrap heap; and panaceas which have gone to the extreme of promising $200 per month to individuals who have done nothing more constructive than live to the age of 65, have found high favor in some of the more backward sections of the United States. When speaking of the mad 1920's, we should not forget to add the insane 1930's.

It is possible, that because of our inability to agree upon a better economic order, we shall eventually disintegrate as a nation. It may be that we shall drift into some kind of Fascism, with a dictator in control. Since we are so opposed to losing some of our liberties, we may eventually lose virtually all of them. It may be that inflation will sweep the nation, and wipe out the pitiful remnants of the middle class. It may be that the future order will see in the Catholic Church a pillar of the old régime, and accordingly, attack it. It might be advisable for Catholics to stress more definitely the fact that there is no necessary connection between the Catholic Church and Capitalism. Private property is one thing; present-day Capitalism is quite another. Capitalism has consistently shown contempt for the individual, whereas the Church has shown solicitude. The objectives of the two organizations are poles apart. The Catholic Church is as concerned with morality as Capitalism is indifferent to it. Catholics must not be misled by those arrogant individuals who now profess great admiration for the Church and her supposedly conservative tendencies. There is nothing conservative about a Church which considers a beggar as precious in the sight of God as an emperor; there is something wildly radical about an organization which rallied about a bleeding Figure on a deserted Cross and decided to remake the world of that day. Catholic thought of to-day should be able to accomplish as much. It does not dare to attempt less, because to do so would be to break faith with its Founder. That is the one thing we must not do!

EASTER MORN—GARDEN OF THE SEPULCHER

By Leonard Twynham

THE trumpets of the dawn proclaim
The conquest of dark death,
And mists of doubt now melt away
Before God's vital breath.

The terror of the rocky tomb
Is rifted by the light,
And baffling ghosts of mystery
Are put to final flight.

No March wind threatens to defeat
The lark on lifted wing,
Nor April showers deign to quench
The wren that dares to sing.

Earth is reborn, and man elate
Rises to newer life;
The world is resurrected from
Its infamy and strife.

For Christ in glory walks the ways
Of poor forgotten men,
He greets belovéd John and hails
The kneeling Magdalen,

Assuring them no spirit dies
If purged at Calvary,
And that the soul redeemed by faith
Is saved eternally,

That Christ the God from caverns deep
Comes forth with mighty powers
And wakes disciples from sin's sleep
To joy among white flowers.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR

FROM MSGR. JOHN A. RYAN

DEAR FATHER GILLIS:

I am greatly disturbed by the last four and one-half pages of your "Editorial Comments" in the February issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For many years you have been a sincere, valiant and effective champion of social justice. On the whole you have supported the efforts of the National Administration to make some measure of social justice a reality. Until you wrote those pages you had shown yourself competent to see through the shams and shows perpetrated and exhibited by the American Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers, and all the rest of the paid and unpaid retainers of plutocracy. But now your faith seems to falter. You fear that "some of the Administration's devices are dangerous." You are apprehensive "about the fate of the Constitution and of the fundamental principles of democracy because of the startling measures employed to bring back prosperity." You are worried about the "enormous expenditures" involved in the New Deal legislation, the enormous debts piled up and the billions of dollars flung "recklessly here and there."

Concerning some of the principal New Deal laws and the cost thereof I have a pretty fair knowledge. I have given considerable study to each of them from the N.I.R.A. to the Holding Company Act and the Social Security Act. Which one of them is either "startling" or "dangerous"? Is it the N.I.R.A., which did not go nearly so far in the regulation of industry as the system of occupational groups urged upon the world by Pope Pius XI.? Is it the A.A.A. which saved hundreds and thousands of farmers from bankruptcy and which aimed at and would have succeeded in bringing about a balance of prices between agricultural products and other products? The Holy Father recommends "a reasonable relationship between the prices obtained for the various economic groups: agrarian, industrial, etc." Is it the Social Security Act, which does not go nearly so far in its provision for social insurance as do similar acts in more than one country of Europe? Or the Holding Company Act, which would restrict to a fair rate the interest obtained on this kind of investment? Or the Wagner-Connery Labor Disputes Act which would give workers the effective right to organize according to the principle laid down almost forty-five years ago by Pope Leo XIII.?

Not one of these measures is "startling," as compared with moderate standards of governmental control and social justice; nor "dangerous" as seen in the light of realism and objectivity. No person who has the power and the will to use words with precision will call any of them "socialistic." You have not done so.

With regard to the "enormous expenditures," the billions of dol-

lars flung "recklessly here and there," and the great accumulation of public debt therefrom resulting, it is not necessary to attempt an extended refutation. We have heard much, very much, about the waste of government funds in direct relief of the unemployed, in the work relief administration and in the public works program. Nevertheless I would challenge anyone to point out just how over five per cent of those expenditures could have been saved without detriment to human welfare and human lives. Of course there have been mistaken allotments of money and considerable waste in carrying out a program of such magnitude; but I submit that those mistakes and defects do not merit the qualification, "flinging billions of dollars here and there." Some timid souls have been frightened by the large increases in the national debt under the present Administration. Yet such a competent and conservative authority as Professor O. M. W. Sprague, who left the service of the Administration because of disagreement with some of its fiscal policies, declared a few days ago that the national debt could safely be increased to forty billion dollars (about ten billion more than its present figure) provided that the government should soon begin to reduce the annual deficits. In his budget message early in January the President forecast the beginning of just such a reduction within a year or two. Again, the increase in our national income, our national product, since 1933 is considerably more than twice as great as the enlargement of our national debt during that period. Again, the loss of national income during the first four years of the depression averaged thirty-four billion dollars a year. If we ever reach a period of moderate prosperity there will be no great difficulty in taking care of the national debt even if it should reach double its present magnitude. If we do not attain prosperity within a reasonable time the huge national debt will be among the least of our political and economic worries.

You speak of those who "hope that such reform can be effected within the framework of the Constitution and of democracy." I do not see how "democracy" is involved. All the New Deal legislation was enacted by Congresses which were elected by the people. None of it violated any person's natural rights. All of it was within the framework of the Constitution in the sense that I shall presently explain. You say that the President seems to want to "hamstring the Supreme Court" and to take "chances with the Constitution"; that some of the New Deal measures "might easily have been recognized as illegal" and that if the Attorney General did not so appraise the N.I.R.A. beforehand he is "curiously incompetent." You even raise the question whether we have not "a none-too-scrupulous president."

The question of the constitutionality of statutes is extremely complex. Those clauses in the Constitution which were used to invalidate the N.I.R.A. and the A.A.A., and which not improbably will be invoked to nullify some of the remaining acts of the New Deal, are not so precise as geometrical theorems. Only three clauses are involved: those relating to interstate commerce, to the general welfare and to due process of law. All three are vague and elastic.

The assertion that a certain law is unconstitutional may mean either one of two things: that it is unauthorized, or forbidden, by the pertinent words of the Constitution taken objectively, and etymologically; or that it is unauthorized, or forbidden, by the interpretations that have been put upon or are likely to be put upon the pertinent words by the Supreme Court. Using the word "unconstitutional" in the first of these two senses, I venture to say that it does not clearly or certainly apply to any of the New Deal laws, neither the N.I.R.A., nor the A.A.A., nor the T.V.A., nor any of the enactments that have not yet been acted upon judicially. The Court pronounced the N.I.R.A. unconstitutional because it attempted to regulate transactions which only "indirectly" affected interstate commerce. Now the distinction between "direct" and "indirect" does not occur in the Constitution. It is a judge-made distinction. So far as the wording of the "general welfare" clause is concerned, it authorizes Congress to regulate agricultural production; but the Court gave to this clause another interpretation. However, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was in a very practical sense right when as Governor of New York he said: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is." Of course, it is of the Constitution in this sense that you are thinking when you say that the President and the Attorney General must have, or ought to have, known that some of the New Deal measures were or would be declared unconstitutional.

I do not think that this judgment is justified. When I was a member of the Industrial Appeals Board of the N.R.A. I had occasion to hear the views of some of the best lawyers in that organization on the question of what the Supreme Court would do about the N.I.R.A. Some were in doubt, some expected adverse action and some believed that the decision would be favorable. The case was not nearly so clear to those legal minds as it now seems to many who have the advantage of hindsight. In my book, *A Better Economic Order*, I repeated a statement I had made in *The Commonweal* more than a year earlier (October 20, 1933) to the effect that the interstate commerce and the general welfare clauses of the Constitution could be so construed as to sustain the New Deal legislation if the Court so desired. While I am neither a lawyer nor an authority on the Constitution, I have during the last twenty-five years spent more time studying the constitutional aspects of industrial legislation than ninety-five per cent of our lawyers. The best authorities on this are of course the professors of Constitutional Law in our universities. Here is what one of them now living, Professor Edward S. Corwin, of Princeton, wrote seven or eight months before the decision which invalidated the N.I.R.A.: "The Court, as heir to the accumulated doctrines of its predecessors, now finds itself in possession of such a variety of instruments of constitutional exegesis that it is able to achieve almost any result in the field of constitutional interpretation which it considers desirable, and that without flagrant departure from judicial good form. . . . So, I assert once again, and I do not see how the assertion can be successfully gainsaid, that in approaching the major questions of constitution-

ality which it will presently be required to pass upon, the Supreme Court is vested with substantially complete freedom of choice either to sustain or to overturn the New Deal" (*Twilight of the Supreme Court*, pages 181, 182). Another eminent authority, Professor Robert Lee McBain, of Columbia University, predicted with great confidence that the Court would uphold the A.A.A. In view of those two opinions it seems scarcely reasonable to assert that the President or the Attorney General or anyone else should have known that those two acts would be judicially declared unconstitutional.

You say that the President's advice to the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives "not to permit doubts as to constitutionality, however reasonable, to block the suggested legislation," may perhaps be justified when a real doubt exists. This language is too feeble and hesitating. In considering legislation of supreme importance to a very great industry, with its hundreds of thousands of employees and thousands of employer capitalists, both the President and Congress were in duty bound to disregard constitutional doubts, even if the chances were ten to one against constitutionality. That one chance is sufficient not merely to justify but to demand the enactment of beneficial legislation. If the law is upheld by the Court it will be advantageous to vast numbers of human beings; if it is not upheld no great harm will be done. Moreover, the principle upon which the President acted in the case of the Guffey Coal Bill is one which the Supreme Court itself has professed to be guided by from the beginning of its history; namely, that in case of doubt every presumption favors the statute and not the related clause of the Constitution, and that no law should be declared unconstitutional unless its unconstitutional character is beyond reasonable doubt. Nevertheless the journalistic enemies of the New Deal and social justice have with practical unanimity accused the President of disloyalty to the Constitution because of what he said to the Ways and Means Committee when it was considering the Guffey Coal Bill.

On page 519 of your February issue you properly and forthrightly denounce the indifference toward the poor and the predilection for the rich which characterized the Hoover Administration; and you express the hope that the Bourbons, who in 1932 "were thrown out . . . will never get in again." Amen, say I, but I am constrained to add that the danger that they will regain control of national affairs is real, positive and considerable. Thousands of business men, instead of being grateful to the Roosevelt Administration for enabling them once more to make profits, are resentful and critical because they fear that the social justice program of the New Deal may prevent them from reaping enormous gains and may interfere to some extent with their old practice of gouging labor and the consumer. Tens of thousands of other persons who are much better off than they were in 1933 and still other tens of thousands who are without jobs, are impatient and resentful because the New Deal has not performed economic miracles. Other tens of thousands have been frightened by the constantly reiterated assertions of plutocratic newspapers into the persuasion that

Roosevelt is somehow a dangerous man. Such is the effect of propaganda, the essential method of which has never been better described than in the following lines: "It implies a wholesale planting of news or opinion on a contagious mind by a common method, in which there is little or no regard to the personal make-up of the recipient. Propaganda posits the herd-mind, suggestible, receptive, uncritical and unresisting" (*Problems of a New World*, J. A. Hobson, page 76).

Let us not deceive ourselves. Let us honestly face the inevitable alternative. If Roosevelt is defeated the victors will not be men who have either the desire or competence to provide a more perfect program of social justice. If Roosevelt is defeated it is the Bourbons who will triumph. Just as the Harding Administration brought the country back to "normalcy," so will the triumphant Bourbons return the government and industry to that type of *laissez faire* which brought on the great depression. Only, the new depression will be incomparably more disastrous than that which followed the policies and practices of the delirious 1920's.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN A. RYAN.

SPRING IN THE DUNE COUNTRY

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

THIS is my heritage: low amber dunes
Washed by blue-blending waves that curl and break
Forever on the mutable, wind-blown sands
In changing beauty. Dunes that have held my heart
From springtime's fair and castle-building days
To autumn's ebbing tides and tottering towers.
What is their charm, their austere loveliness?
Vague, errant dreams that, rainbow-like, are held
Between eternities of sky-blue sea
And sea-blue sky; shapes lovely and grotesque
Sculptured by wave and wind from spring to spring.
White birds and shadows that can find no rest,
Sand that is vassal to the wordless wind,
Faint as an infant's breath or merciless
As hurricane.

Through winter days these dunes
Know only sullen storm, the faded green
Of holly, myrtle, live-oak and the pine;
But when spring climbs the belted zodiac
Through crystal zone of Fishes' to the Ram,
Days lengthen, nights forget their lingering chill,
While golden hours bid drowsy life awake,
Put off its lethargy and greet the sun!

The cardinal, like bloom on bare peach tree,—
Squanders his song as amber as the sand,
The jaunty robin weaves industriously
Her shaggy nest; the blue-bird sounds his call
Of lover, lover, lover!—and the thrush
Renews our faith with fluted melody.
Where the soft needles of the pine have made
A russet harbor, pink arbutus stars
Twinkle within the gloom, brave violets
Flame in their emerald nooks, while thorn and briar
Petal in lacy bloom. From leafless vines
Gold bells ring out their honey-scented music,
And cornel trees lift white sails to the sky.
Young pines light saffron candles, the wild plum
Grows luminous as spindrift blown from waves
Vexed by the wind. Mingled with tang of salt
One breathes the incense of these yellow hills
As worshiper within the House of God!

From blue to silver hours I walk these dunes,
Watch tossing waves lift high their foamy crests
Lovely as orchard boughs. I feel the call
Of life in sand-spur, wild-grape, flower and tree
And marvel at their emerald certitude.

O patient dunes, give me your certitude
Of love's renascence, April's miracle!
For I, too, am a transient drift of sand
Between eternities of birth and death,
Waiting the fluxing tides from youth to age,
And that strange, final sleep within the loam
Where man puts off a faded cloak to wear
God's April bloom of immortality!

BIRDS AND THORNS

A Kentucky Sketch

By Mary Frances Mears

GRANDFATHER'S Kentucky plantation was a sanctuary in good repute among the native birds, if one might judge from the numbers of feathered guests which annually availed themselves of its comfortable hospitality. The birds themselves seemed thoroughly to understand their privileged status on the place as well as its friendly security; they hopped unafraid on doorsteps and through open windows, nested within easy reach of human hands and hardly troubled to move out of the way of any clumsy creature who inconsiderately crossed their path. Guns, snares, traps of every description, were sternly forbidden; depredatory cats were summarily executed without benefit of judiciary, and little Negroes armed with sling shots were severely frowned upon when they came suspiciously near the singing birds.

A few hardy robins risked frosted feet to stay behind when their fellows migrated in autumn; an occasional snow bunting ventured south to investigate for himself our comparatively warm climate. Bluejays, sparrows, woodpeckers, owls, crows, and hawks stayed in the vicinity the year round; brilliant cardinals darted like living flames through the deep green of cedars and brown, leafless branches; coveys of quail and doves lost their wildness with the first snow and came in from field and woodlands to feed in the barnyard with pigs and poultry.

Grandfather's increasing flock of ring-necked pheasants was his especial pride and care. A sportsman friend sent him a dozen eggs which were set under an opportunely brooding hen, later hatching out fuzzy, striped little fellows which could run like partridges from the moment they burst the shells. Uncle Ike, our colored house man, declared the young pheasants could hide behind a blade of grass and one could almost believe it, since they invariably disappeared as by magic at the sound of footsteps and it required much coaxing and clucking on the part of their tame little foster mother to bring them out of hiding. They never became domesticated, but forsook the ways of the poultry yard for the open fields as soon as they were able to shift for themselves, returning to the barns only when snow covered their feeding grounds.

From the plantation's earliest history, migratory ducks and geese stopped over in spring and fall to rest and feed in the river marshes which great-grandfather had sown with Canadian wild rice. The original rice patch grew into a noble feeding ground with the passing years, and the presence of numerous flocks attested that it was well advertised. Food was abundant in late summer and autumn when the rice was ripe and other edible seeds,

roots, bulbs and berries plentiful, but when the spring hordes settled down it became necessary for Uncle Ike to supplement the scanty swamp provender with grain from the barns. The wildlings learned to know him; whenever he appeared with the familiar brown bag and began scattering corn or wheat on the dry grass hummocks, they swooped down greedily with loud squawks and quacks to gobble the feast.

Spring came early in Kentucky. "March flowers" were bravely blooming while northern lands were still locked in frost; patches of dogwood and redbud glowed against the changing gray background of leafless woods; orchards were billowing masses of pink and white blossom at Easter time; blue grass pastures and timbered hillsides were green enough by April twentieth to support live stock, which were religiously "turned out" on that date. The turbulent Rolling Fork, which intermittently overflowed its bottom lands from December to May, meekly subsided to a modest, serenely flowing stream easily forded at the riffles; the restless creek returned to its shallow banks and strolled peacefully on its way to the river; noisy little meadow brooks shrank into their own narrow beds or dried up altogether. Plymouth hens sang mightily in barnyard and poultry runs; geese and ducks set up a louder clamor with the clacking of guinea fowl, and our lordly turkey gobbler strutted magnificently in the woods lot where his more retiring spouses hid their nests from prying eyes.

There was a deal of bustling about in the "big house" and cabins. Water splashed merrily on verandas and flagged walks to the cheerful accompaniment of broom and scrubbing brush; porch and lawn furniture was brought down from the storeroom; wire screens affixed to doors and windows. And a little girl, tired to death of being cooped up in the house all winter, was turned out with other young creatures to run wild over the plantation, to search along creek banks and in buckberry thickets for the first crow's foot and yellow-eyed wood violets; to run happily barefoot over the new grass or wade in the branches when watchful grown-up eyes were off duty.

From the first signs of spring abroad in the land, new notes were heard in the daily chorus of bird voices; successive waves of migrants following each other as chill winds and gray skies changed to soft breezes and long, sunlit days. When buds were swelling and jonquils and crocus breaking earth, we would hear some day a clear, sweet little voice, timid at first but growing in volume and assurance,—a flash of blue gleaming against the bare branches—and we knew the bluebirds had come.

Pert jenny wrens came early to start their housekeeping in the hollow logs of an ancient smokehouse behind the kitchen. These wee, friendly creatures filled a large place in our affections with their sweet, tuneful piping, and their cheerful little domestic ways—flitting in and out from their nests in the hollow logs, busily hopping about their household tasks or confidingly pecking at crumbs about the back door. Grandmother once declared that she truly believed the first pair of wrens to nest there must return each year with all their descendants, there were so many of them—but the decayed knot holes

and hollows of the venerable structure amply accommodated all who came. One spring, however, an ambitious young wren couple, apparently disdaining the humble, densely populated dormitory in favor of more exclusive surroundings, started building a nest inside the open kitchen window. Aunt Jane, our colored cook and Uncle Ike's better half, was tremendously flattered by the presence of such distinguished company, and outdid herself in trying to make her new neighbors feel at home; she even nailed the window sash that incautious hands might not lower it on the nest in process of construction. But despite Aunt Jane's anxious solicitude, the unavoidable kitchen activities did not conform to the wrens' idea of domestic tranquillity; they soon deserted the unfinished nest and were later observed to be hastily making another in the quieter shelter of the once despised logs.

Big, comfortably plump catbirds were among the first orchard residents, their large, bunchy nests placed low on the apple branches being full of speckled eggs before the leaves were fully grown. Their genuinely beautiful songs were delightful, so were the harsh, realistic catcalls which brought excited little Negro children running to the rescue of helpless fledglings surely about to be devoured by the fictitious tabbies. A pretentious three-storied dwelling on top a tall post in the garden housed a garrulous colony of purple martins which paid its rent many times over by waging a relentless and fairly successful warfare on the multitudinous English sparrows which might otherwise overrun the place to the detriment of more desirable species. They were aided and abetted in their good work by the little colored children who enthusiastically prodded out with long poles the huge, disorderly nests which the sparrows had shrewdly placed in the most inaccessible locations.

Dignified robins walked sedately on the grass or bathed in the crude brick pool which Uncle Ike had prepared under the shade of a maple tree and obligingly kept filled with water for their personal convenience. It was no uncommon sight to behold an impatient mother robin craning her neck from a tree-crotch nest to scold roundly her luxuriously splashing mate until he took his turn on the nest so she could have her own morning plunge.

Uncle Ike set down his watering pot one morning to indulge in side splitting glee at an extraordinarily vociferous family row.

"Lawsy, what a ruckus!" he exclaimed between roars of laughter. "A body'd think dem birds couldn't git a bath ceptin' in Marse's brick puddle. . . . Fly out o' dar, yo ornery rascal, yo, an' let yo ol' woman wash her face!" But Uncle Ike could have shouted himself hoarse for all the impression his good-natured bluffing made on the superbly indifferent bather who nonchalantly splashed on in imperturbable awareness of absolute security. When he was good and ready, and not an instant before, Sir Robin stepped majestically from the pool and deliberately shook his feathers dry before flying leisurely into the tree to relieve the missus while she took her turn at the bath.

The fine reserve of brown thrashers, red-winged blackbirds, and Tennessee warblers contrasted with the suave familiarity of the saucy robins;—the first sharp word of re-

proof or a sudden downward rush of imperious wings sent them dashing away at top speed. Shy song sparrows kept timidly on the even tenor of their way, flitting almost beneath one's feet on their way to their trim little nests snugly hidden in the low shrubbery. One species of small black and yellow birds nested in the long rows of pole beans in the vegetable garden;—the only ones we ever knew to choose such an insecure abode. As summer advanced, they grew so tame that they sat confidently on their nests, staring with bright black eyes at the friendly humans stripping off the green pods from the vines around them.

From dawn to dark there were birds singing. With the first ray of morning light, one felt rather than heard the dim, soft rustling of invisible wings, the first faint whispering passing imperceptibly into song. A timid cheep . . . clear, bolder chirping . . . a trill rising . . . another and another as the choristers awakened . . . an exquisite, lilting voice changing on a high note to an enchanting, intoxicating run filled with a limpid shower of flute-like grace notes clear and melodious as harps and violins . . . overtones and undertones . . . deep, pathetic call notes . . . a rapid, silvery accompaniment blending, swelling in one glorious, harmonious symphony to the dawn.

Throughout the day the concert was on; from hedge and bush and tree the orchestra assembled. Larks soared trilling from the deep meadow grass; gay, capricious warblings from honeysuckle tangles and leafy boughs; the pleasing metallic notes of Baltimore orioles whose hammock nests hung high in the maples. Clear, sweet whistling of cardinals and blackbirds and linnets . . . in pauses between the more gorgeous singers a timid little voice would be heard cheeping in a hedgerow. Shy, melodious wood thrushes ventured as near as the orchard or the hazel thicket on the other side of the road. And sometimes on late summer afternoons when the air was still and leaves hung motionless in the sun, we heard the high, clear call of a hermit thrush from the hills across the river, strangely elfin-sweet in the blue distance as the pipes of Pan.

When evening came, the tempo and nuances changed. Full-breasted robins perched stiffly on veranda railing and fence posts for their night-time song, strong, cheery, deep throated. An unseen singer, beginning on a clear, joyous note, mounted higher and higher in a skirling, whirling cadenza to the darkening sky. Other voices, silent for a space, found tongue in liquid warblings; now merry, now sweetly sympathetic or mournfully sad, a closing hymn to departing day. Plaintive call notes lasting into the darkness . . . answering cries . . . soft, drowsy murmuring of wrens far back within the hollows of ancient logs . . . the hush-hush of young robins lulled to slumber beneath warm maternal wings, then —only the night winds breathing gently through trembling leaves, and silence.

When twilight was gone and the songsters were at rest, new and weirder sounds arose into the night. Great horned owls from the river swamps and big hooters in the hollows asked each other across the intervening distances: "Who-who-who-who-oo-ah?" . . . A lone whippoorwill lifted his voice in solemn chant and was answered from a

neighboring grove . . . another and another took up the refrain until the air was filled with incessant, discordant whoops.

These nocturnal serenades were not unpleasing so long as the performers kept at a respectable distance, but when some vagrant of the woods unfortunately chose to pitch his unwanted camp in a tree near the house then pandemonium broke loose; a single whippoorwill in good voice could raise such a howling, shrieking, whooping tumult as to drive family and servants alike well-nigh frantic. An energetic pelting with sticks and stones would temporarily rout the noisome intruder, but since he usually returned to renew his fearful assaults upon our defenseless ears the moment the barrage ceased, two or three nights of unremitting effort were sometimes required to dislodge him permanently.

Fortunately, these disturbances were limited at most to the few weeks of cornplanting time; we could endure them with all the better grace when we realized that soon the nights would be filled with music by the sweetest singers of all the feathered tribes. When the last chill breath of winter was gone from the land, when spring was in full bud and blossom and summer was almost come, we would suddenly hear one early morning or mid-afternoon a thrilling, vibrant, rolling flood of melody which could come from no other mortal throat and joyfully welcoming voices would cry, "The mocking birds are here!"

As first soloists of the air, their virtuosity virtually unchallenged by any other singer of the New World, the mockers reign supreme. Though they easily, faultlessly imitate the songs of other birds—hence their name—it is in their own method and voice that they excel all others. To see and hear a mocking bird swaying aloft on a slender bough with head thrown back in ecstatic pose and "pouring from his little throat such floods of delirious music that all the winds and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen," is to believe in sirens and the Lorelei; to have known the angel Israfel, who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures; to be one with that Attic grove which swayed to the moving strains of Apollo's magic lyre. Throughout the warm, moon flooded nights of late spring and well into summer, those clear, full, swelling tones rolled hourly like organs played by unearthly hands. Richly, deeply toned, of a full octave in compass; now softly rippling like smoothly flowing waters or ringing like a carillon of golden bells . . . then rolling again in ethereal rhythmic cadences as to fill the heart of the enchanted listeners with pain for its sheer loveliness.

Being the last to migrate, the mockers set to work at nest building almost immediately upon their arrival, and because of their very tardiness, have to work overtime to get their task done. With each returning spring, our entire flock showed an inexplicable but unmistakable preference for a certain thorn ridden clump of sweetbrier in a remote corner of the lawn and there was a furious round of scolding and chatter, enlivened by frequent fights for the best situations before victors and vanquished settled down to the serious business of homemaking. Once definitely established, the victorious rose-ten-

ants became so insolently possessive, so viciously arrogant, so fiercely resentful of intrusion on their exclusive domain, that one was led to wonder whether they, and not grandfather, owned the actual deed to the plantation.

Sweetest of American songsters that they indubitably are, the mocking birds are likewise blessed with a true operatic temperament—they are the most irascible, quarrelsome, and pugnacious of birds, and their artistic nature is at its diabolical worst during the nesting season. As their household cares increase, they grow more and more ugly and ill-tempered, more intolerantly inhospitable to outsiders. They rage and scream at a terrific rate when annoyed; flying so furiously at any foolhardy creature which dares to trespass on their sacred premises that they seldom fail to put such a one to ignoble flight. Woe to any prowling squirrel! He right-about-faces with the least possible delay and scurries ingloriously up the nearest tree or bounds across the grass with his long gray plume streaming behind him like a discredited flag of truce. I have seen our valiant Maltese tom cat run yowling to cover after a severe thrashing at the wings and beak of an enraged mother mocker; even the mighty fox hounds were known to beat a hasty retreat following a distasteful encounter with the official *non*-reception committee, and my own privileged self was in no wise immune to villainous abuse and vituperative threats when insatiable little-girl curiosity and an urge for roses drew me to their unfriendly bower.

Alas, I too loved that thorn thicket with an intensity equal to that of the vindictive birds. The blossoms were so deliciously fragrant, their pink and white loveliness so irresistibly alluring—and withal so difficult to gather with their tough stems closely covered with dagger-like thorns, that, with a small child's natural perversity, I inevitably chose to covet them above the less painful flowers in the garden. Thorn torn fingers and injured five year old dignity only rendered more desirable the tantalizing few within my reach; admonitions and scoldings from family and birds alike only increased my possessive ardor for the brambly outlaws.

One June morning when Aunt Jane was busily applying salve and linen to a badly scratched hand following my more or less sweetbrier raid, she expressed herself in no uncertain terms to Uncle Ike who concernedly watched the bandaging:

"I declars to goodness, hit 'pears like chillens is jest bound to take what dey knows dey oughtn't to. . . . Dar won't be no fingers at all left on dis here chile ef Marse don't mow down dem sweetbriers. . . . But I reckon he's so sot on dem wild, noisy birds, he'll keep em dar tell Jedgment Day."

Then she turned on me with, "Jest yo' wait, honey, tell dem ol' mockers chases yo'; dey'll peck de eyes clean outen yo' head ef yo' don't stay away from dat thorn bush."

I listened with profound respect but prudently refrained from comment. Aunt Jane would have been deeply pained had she known on what deaf ears her well meant admonition was falling, and she would not have believed that I had already met the redoubtable mockers and was certainly *not* chased. But Uncle Ike knew. And good old

Uncle Ike, who never doubted my most preposterous story nor discredited my absurd, childish theories and opinions, likewise maintained a discreet silence.

I had indeed subdued an irate mocker and lived to tell of it. The sweetbrier's inhabitants that summer were a distinctively ferocious, disagreeable lot. They had migrated so late that roses were in bloom by the time their obstreperous young were out of the shells. These ugly fledglings, after the notorious manner of their kind, continually rent the none too peaceful air with loud, raucous, famished wails; their overworked parents, diligently flying from daylight to dusk with food were unable to make any appreciable impression on the insatiable appetites of their rapacious offspring. Due no doubt to the severe strain and downright physical labor involved in caring for such rude, selfish progeny, the old birds grew more nervous and irritable, and if possible, more vindictively hostile to any reckless adventurer found too near their harassed domiciles.

Following an old custom of the place, Aunt Jane charitably supplemented the birds' larder from a shelf outside her kitchen window where bits of suet, fowl, bread and other table scraps were pounced upon with loud shrieks and carried away to the clamorous broods. Often as not, two or three desperate parents would fight to a finish over some delectable morsel, the winner triumphantly dashing off with the hard won prize, unaware that Aunt Jane was consoling the losers with a generous portion which she had saved for just such an emergency. On the day before the previously mentioned lecture, I was in the kitchen watching Aunt Jane replenish her bird shelf. Having good reason to believe that the rosebush would be temporarily unguarded, I watched my chance to slip out unobserved and was soon streaking hot-footed across the dew wet grass toward my forbidden destination. Sure enough, not an old bird was in sight; all being in attendance at the back door relief station. One nest, which I knew belonged to a particularly savage, uncompromising mother, was in easy reach; eagerly I stood on tiptoe to gaze the more readily down the red, wide-open mouths stretched hopefully toward me on long, featherless necks; the shrill ear-splitting cries which issued from their cavernous throats deafened me to the oncoming rush of angry wings as the mother came flying home with a piece of chicken liver in her beak.

Taken completely by surprise, I uncertainly stood my ground before the rapidly approaching fury. Seeing my apparent bravado, the distraught mother became frightened herself and dropping her piece of chicken liver, dashed recklessly toward me, crying and screaming most piteously. Back and forth she flew, wailing and screeching at a tremendous rate, the appalling din quintupled by the raucous uproar of her excited nestlings. Reversing her tactics, she flew away a short distance, entreating me with voice and manner to follow. Failing in that maneuver, she returned to race swiftly round and round my unprotected head. I covered my face with my hands and peered at her from between outspread fingers; I could feel the swish of air in her furious wake; her hysterically fluffed feathers grazed my hair. Failing, at last to lure or drive me away, and quite

evidently exhausted by her own mad frenzy, the pathetic little virago unexpectedly perched on a small twig near her nest as though to shield it with her frail body,—her distracted mother-eyes looking steadily into mine with fear, anger, pleading, plainly visible in their blazing depths; her mouth wide open, still piteously imploring me to spare her young.

Deeply insulted, boiling with righteous indignation at her offensively expressed, low opinion of my honesty, I boldly gazed straight into her hostile eyes and screamed right back at her with the full force of my almost equally powerful lungs:

"I don't want your ugly birds! Get back on your nest and stop yelling at me!"

The little wild mother's eyes perceptibly widened in astonishment at my own surprising vehemence. She seemed strangely to understand me—to be reading my mind even as I was reading hers. The fierce yellow eyes softened to a sort of hazel-gray, the anguished wails ceased, and still looking at me, she settled calmly down on the nest, spread her wings over her obstreperous brood and was still.

From that crucial moment, the tempestuous little mother and I understood each other; her shrewish neighbors seemed likewise to accept her assurance that I could be trusted, for though I daily pulled reluctant roses from all around them and stared my fill at the gawky fledglings until they deserted the nest on their own wing power, I was neither scolded nor threatened.

When I told Uncle Ike about it, he thought in silence for a while before replying:

"Honey, dem mockers has got sense, jes' the same as yo' er me. When yo' tol' dat ol' bird yo' wan't goin' to hurt her young 'uns, w'y, she knowed right well what yo' was a-sayin'."

And I still believe him.

JAPAN MARCHES ON!

By Dorothy Graham

RECENTLY one has been keenly aware of masses of humanity, helpless before events greater than their control. In the United States representative government gives every man a voice, yet economic tides have swept away livelihood, home and self-respect, leaving him impotent, with only a barren right of vote, too feeble an instrument to readjust conditions verging on chaos. In China, the vast majority of people having not even a vestige of authority, can only wait in a stupor of dread before changes of undetermined magnitude. They are as ineffectual as hordes trampled by the ruthless army of an invader. Yet in the Far East aggression has lost its panoply of violence and has become subtle in its methods.

The Japanese realize that the attack upon Shanghai in 1933 was definitely a mistake. The bombs that detonated above the city caused world-wide reverberations of public opinion, unfavorable to their aims. They have reverted to a policy of threat; every statement, however innocuous on its surface, holds grave implications. When shortly after the Great War, Japan made her famous Twenty-one Demands upon China, the linen paper on which they were presented was water-marked with battleships. Today it is precisely this system of intimidation by inference backed by force which is gaining her large territories. "Economic union" is the euphemism by which Japan is disguising conquest.

A Chinese scholar said with quiet bitterness: "Japan loves her soldiers so dearly that she will not sacrifice a single one of them in battle; instead she makes the Chinese fight against the Chinese—for her own aggrandizement."

The Chinese in this crisis realize that economic throttling is the most disintegrating of forces. Farmers and merchants by profession, they know that in their precariously adjusted balance any tipping of the scales may result in death by starvation. The subsistence level is low for the four hundred millions and the line by which the average man keeps alive is drawn very fine. Political change they might view with a certain equanimity, having centuries ago become resigned to the thought that leaders are usually egotists gnawed by corruption. But new taxes, new machinery, new regulations to strangle initiative—how are they to survive such changes?

The philosopher assures himself that in a hundred years the problem will be worked out to a happy solution; in the past China has always absorbed her conquerors by sheer force of superior numbers. The student marches through the streets in a futile protest; with bedraggled banners he airs his wrongs and his agitations. But the ordinary man can do nothing. He is the prey of obscure forces, waiting in anxiety, terribly uncertain as to the immediate outcome.

In Peiping, the focal point of this tension, in the early summer of last

year, the price of antique bronzes rose sharply. The slender, full-lipped wine vases from the Shang dynasty of 3,000 years ago, the finely wrought oblation cups of Chou and Han became the most stable form of possession. Men who had even a small amount of ready money withdrew it from circulation and bought bronze knives and buckles —to bury them in the courtyard and wait for better times. Banks were crashing; long lines of dejected coolies stood in the driving rain, waiting with superhuman patience before doors that were irrevocably closed. Reports came hourly that Peiping was to be invaded by the Japanese; distorted rumors kept nerves at the breaking point.

Peiping knew that these rumors were largely false; surface manifestations of an unrest which could not be analyzed. The news leaking in from foreign sources was lurid. From London, over the wireless, came word that sixty-five thousand Japanese troops were encircling the city. There was the report of a pitched battle where the Great Wall dips down to the sea at Shanhaikuan (that perennial report which is regularly printed by gullible home-side editors). There were, inevitably, stories of massacres. These exaggerations made the inhabitants of Peiping realize that newspaper correspondents were sending out messages by pure inspiration, trying to approximate a situation they could not grasp. Yet something was happening. Something ominous and insidious. Peiping waited. In day after day of tension the people were alert for the unpredictable.

Then one morning at the deserted northeast corner of the city, scores of Chinese boy soldiers were seen straggling out of a rose-walled temple with duffle bags over their shoulders, and disappearing beyond the city gates, into the man-high fields of kaoliang.

That afternoon, at the home of a university president, the authentic word was whispered: "Peiping has been held by the Japanese for the past three days."

It was this sensation of becoming aware of a fact only long after the actual occurrence that made the situation peculiarly trying. Negotiations, ambiguous and complicated, were still going forward—and these were sure to result in drastic change. What would happen next? So far, existence had scarcely been touched. Only the emotions had been subjected to strain; and in the Orient feelings are disciplined to complete concealment.

Even the foreigners emulated the Chinese in wearing a mask of imperturbability. That same afternoon, with a fixed smile the university president talked to a number of wealthy American guests; and graciously suggested that some of them might be interested in making endowments to this institution, founded to bring about a closer understanding between East and West. Yet even as he spoke his eyes roved anxiously across the campus. At any instant an innocuous appearing person might arrive to apply pressure; a particular form of pressure which would force him to abandon a plant valued at several millions and the work into which he had put the better part of his life. From now on his tenure of office and the existence of the university depended upon his ability to subscribe to Japanese suggestions. It would be a feat of acrobatics, balancing the need of young China's

education against Japanese restrictions. And even if his personal tact surmounted difficulties, the whole fabric might be destroyed by an ill-advised act of the students; some audacity which might be construed by the Japanese as overt enmity.

That same day a Chinese military academy was closed. No warning was given, no reason advanced. The cadets who had been within twenty-four hours of receiving diplomas which would make them lieutenants, were arrested at the brink of their career. The regiments of the north in which they would have been assigned posts, were dispersed. The army under the control of the Central Government at Nanking, would make no openings for them. After an intensive training for a military career, involving individual hard work and the sacrifices of their families, they were thrown suddenly upon the world without any means of livelihood. And they were only the first of a vast number to be displaced by altered conditions.

Other small repercussions followed. The General in command of the Peiping area withdrew invitations for a garden party in honor of his lotus flowers and journeyed south, incognito, for his health. There was a sharp fall in the real estate market. In the gray-walled lanes vermilion lacquered gates were barred, indicating that deserted houses stood behind them. Two Chinese children, conveyed at night for safety to a foreign home in the Legation Quarter showed that a certain official intended to resist the new order, even at the risk of his life. A Manchu princess, the most exquisitely tactful of women, who for twenty-five years of troubled politics under the Republic had always maintained her post as Director of Protocol, was summarily dismissed; and so were her innumerable relatives who had clung like little satellites to her importance. The headquarters of the Kuomingtang, the People's Party, was hastily removed from Peiping to a remote town in the provinces. In the golden-roofed Imperial palaces set upon terraces of white sculptured marble, a Japanese woman with quaintly hissing politeness was installed to sell souvenir post cards; replacing some Chinese employee in this struggle for economic supremacy. Daily a Japanese airplane, flying so low that its engines roared in the courtyards and its propellers skimmed precariously over the low tiled roofs, came as an audible threat of danger.

Always there was a feeling of inconclusiveness. Something, something was on the verge of happening. Organized energy was about to disrupt individualism and inertia. But how? What was to be the next move? The tension became acute under inaction. All day the shopkeepers stood in the lanes before their doorways, their hands folded in their long sleeves, their beady eyes alert, their usually ready tongues curiously without comment. At night the oppressive dark was ominously silent; only occasionally the sultry air was vibrant with the muted tapping of a tiny drum, as a file of blind men shuffled down the h'utung.

Then one morning Peiping remained still as a dead city lost in a trackless waste. No cries of vendors came from the lanes, no shouts of rickshaw men, no hurried footsteps in the soft dust. Beyond the network of tangled alleys, the great arteries of the city, wide streets

running directly from south to north, were completely empty. The usual motor cars, trams, rickshaws, ambling pedestrians and burden coolies with baskets swinging from their shoulders were absent, effaced as if by a cataclysm. The broad avenues lay barren under a bright sun. The silence was insupportable; the silence of a void.

An hour later, an occasional eye peered cautiously through a hole poked in the paper lattice; and it became apparent that the inhabitants were waiting breathlessly for whatever might be about to happen. Still later, small groups ventured to the doorways and stood immobile, their faces intently turned towards the south.

There the great crested gate tower of Hatamên rose superbly, its fantastic contours sharply outlined against a vivid sky. The gates were closed; barricaded by sand bags, as they always were in times of danger.

Finally a tattered rickshaw coolie appeared, dragging a dilapidated vehicle such as is used in times of crisis or in typhoon weather. Tied jauntily to the shafts was a flag—the flag of Japan, with its aggressive red sun rising in a white field. An instant later a file of camels came sauntering nonchalantly out of a h'utung, each haughty beast pettishly bearing the same emblem. Down by the market where yesterday's fish was now on display, there was a single customer, a Japanese woman in a kimona who purchased a live crab and carried it away dangling from a long string.

At these signs the Chinese nodded gravely to each other, confirming the unspoken assumption. The Japanese, yes, the Japanese had finally captured the city. That was the reason for the sounds of firing which had been heard from the southern quarter during the night. The Japanese had come with field guns, they decided, instead of merely pulling wires behind the scenes. The beginning of relief crept into the bland round faces of the Chinese: the transfer had been accomplished, and they found themselves still alive.

Yet the truth was stranger than that. Peiping had been bombed during the night. In the outer districts there had come the sudden scream of shrapnel above the solid walls, and the flare of shells. The most southerly gate had been attacked by men in an armored train. But not Japanese; the Japanese were deliberately refraining from any overt act. The attempt to capture Peiping had been made by mutinous Chinese soldiers. Knowing that the metropolis was unguarded, deprived of its usual quota of defenders, some two hundred desperadoes had run the train from Fengtai, ten miles down the line, with the intention of overawing a population of a million and a quarter.

The idea was preposterous. Even the attackers realized that, after the police had gone out with picks and axes to tear up the tracks on either side of their train. The range of their arsenal on wheels was so narrowed that they abandoned their armored car and made off into the tall kaoliang, secure in the fact that the serried stalks would effectively prevent any pursuit. Soon the ambulances with shrieking sirens carried the dead and wounded to the hospitals. The congested ranks of the vegetable men with their wheelbarrows, who had been waiting since dawn, were permitted slowly to

make their way into the city. They proceeded without curiosity, scarcely noting the scars that the shells had made.

The episode might have been dismissed as one of those fantastic affairs which from time to time mar the perfect placidity of Oriental life. But the Chinese fully realized the significance of the happening. It was an "incident." An "incident" directly inspired by the Japanese to impress the world with the instability of conditions in China. When a sufficient number of these "incidents" had occurred, the Japanese army would arrive "to restore order."

The Chinese experienced a new perturbation. They could not be sure any more who among their own number remained loyal and who was allied to the enemy. As a precaution against a *coup d'état*, the great gates of the city were closed at twilight and no one was allowed in the streets after dark. Meetings in the tea houses were forbidden, in the hope of quelling both gossip and conspiracy. Illogically enough, the theaters and cinemas were banned. The newspapers, afraid of Japanese censorship which might put them out of business, refrained from giving news. A few boys rigged in shabby uniforms far too large for their emaciated forms were stationed with muskets and fixed bayonets in the silversmiths' quarter. The cook at one home piteously begged his people to leave the city. "You rich man, Mastar, more better you go," he said shrilly. "For me, ne'ermind. Plenty trouble soon. Mastar must go away." Then as the master of the house remained unpersuaded, the cook's falsetto voice rose hysterically: "More better you go, Mastar. I talkee you proper thing. All men go way who *can* go way."

The Peiping area was literally abandoned to its fate. The Central Government at Nanking, whose control nominally embraced all China, was in no position to resist the advances of Japan. The armies of Chiang Kai-shek were occupied in exterminating Communists; and even had these troops been available, they could hardly have risked encounter with the highly trained forces of Dai Nippon. Such a challenge might easily have meant a defeat which would have entailed the ceding of all China. As it was the leaders of the Central Government were dickering for the best possible terms, trying to preserve a remnant of their authority and their territory.

The more vocal of the people called these leaders traitors. Yet that was far from the truth. They were harried men confronted by a situation beyond their control. Often they must have regretted following the advice of Sun Yat-sen when he instructed his party to desert Peking, the northern capital, and to place the seat of government at Nanking. Sun Yat-sen had been moved by sentimentality. He had wished to obliterate the taint of alien Tartar conquerors and to enhance the memory of Chinese rule, when Nanking had been the capital of the Chinese dynasty of the Mings. Sun Yat-sen overlooked the fact that even the Mings had felt the necessity of guarding these northern frontiers and in consequence had very shortly established themselves in Peking. It was Sun Yat-sen's anti-foreignism, his bitterness against the foreign soldiers which since the Boxer troubles in 1900 have guarded the Legations in Pe-

king that caused the city to be robbed of its official rank and abandoned as the seat of government. In his virulent hatred of both foreigners and of the former Manchu rulers, Sun Yat-sen forgot the dangers from the enemies of the north. Like so many of his theories, this had involved his people in troubles he had not been able to foresee.

His successors, the leaders at Nanking were still trying to find a *modus vivendi*. The strongest man of the Central Government, Wang Ching-wei, was shot and badly wounded by a Chinese who resented his policy of compromise. Yet Wang Ching-wei and his associates could do little in face of this determined and insidious aggression. They saw during the succeeding months the Japanese undermining the morale of the people in the northern provinces by the sale of opium and morphia at a price so low that it was put within the reach of the poorest. They witnessed an attempt to capture Shanghai—not by armed force this time, but by a majority control of the municipal council. They saw the coastal cities of Amoy and Foochow forced to regulate their Customs in order to give preference to Japanese goods; and the port of Tientsin opened to Japanese products without the payment of duty. They heard of a farmers' revolt in the north; a rebellion said to be inspired by Japanese agents provocateurs. They heard of bandits robbing a train and killing a score of passengers; of bandits boldly roving within sight of the city walls of Peiping. And the leaders at Nanking knew that it was only a question of time before Japan would move in her troops to "suppress" these opportune bandits.

One morning Japanese planes, so long hovering in an admonitory manner over Peiping, swooped down and settled on the race course. Nipponese regiments came to garrison the city. All the great nations were engrossed in the Abyssinian crisis and its repercussions on the peace of Europe. This was Japan's opportunity. It was announced, quite unobtrusively that the Five Provinces would join together in an Economic Union. Such a union is a definite step in a mighty conquest; it is indeed tantamount to annexation.

Japan is in these proceedings reversing the usual rôle of the dominant power. In the crescendo of imperialism evidenced during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the nations of Europe first sent their troops to subdue disorganized countries, then followed these by a second army of traders. Japan makes her entering wedge by commerce. There is terror today among the industrialists of India because Japanese cottons flood the market, while Indian mills reduce their output. The merchants of Australia are being forced either to stock low-priced Japanese goods, or to face bankruptcy. There are echoes of dismay from Siam and the Federated Malay States. And China—China waits, impassive in her fear, hearing the shrill rallying cry "Asia for the Asiatics!" which the Chinese know is intended to mean: "Asia for the Japanese!"

THOMAS WOLFE EMBRACES LIFE

By Camille McCole

"The impulse of the people . . . was not to embrace life and devour it, but rather to escape from it."

—*Thomas Wolfe.*

IT is with no middle flight that Mr. Thomas Wolfe has let his ambitions soar. The majority of our novelists seem to be quite content to record the poignancy and beauty which they think themselves lucky to find in only certain detached moments of life. But Mr. Wolfe—like one of his characters who "would have the whole cake of the world, and eat it, too"—will be content with nothing less than *all* of life taken at one gulp. Not only this—not only does he think it the writer's obligation to "embrace" and "devour" *life:* it becomes the duty also of the artist to "fix" eternity, as he says, with "the grappling-hooks of his own art."

A Gulliver among mere Lilliputian novelists, he refuses, if we may believe his thousands of admirers, to be bound by the "slender ligatures" of objective and judicial criticism. We are told that he writes so well and captures so successfully the rich and panoramic fullness of life, that his genius transcends the few limitations that might be charged against him. Two bulky novels and one collection of short tales have so completely dipped the scales of contemporary criticism in his favor, indeed, that it must seem mere impudence, at this date, even to dissent from his readers' opinion that he is our greatest living novelist. A "Gargantua bestriding the world," an "elephantine Proust," "the Whitman among novelists"—thus the critics have set the pace. And Sinclair Lewis in a moment of generosity, inspired perhaps by the news that he had himself just won the Nobel Prize, extravagantly declared that, "If Wolfe keeps up the promise of *Look Homeward, Angel,* he has a chance to be the greatest American writer of all time"!

All of which sounds not only impressive, but actually disconcerting—especially to college professors like myself who have for years been lecturing upon Hawthorne and Howells and Melville and Irving—and now awake to find Mr. Lewis prove us so ignobly in the wrong. We will be inclined to admit, of course, that Wolfe does know how to write, to tell a story, to give sweep and breadth to his canvas and a vitality to his characters that must make them live even after they have died in the pages of his own novels. We must admit that he has inherited few of the effete sterilities of method which belong to the novel of "escape." And we must recognize the fact that Thomas Wolfe is significant for a vitality that proves the American novel not only not entirely dead, but capable of some recovery if it but seek its strength again in the great fullness of American life and the legitimate hungers of the human heart. Still, it might be well (before relegating Haw-

thorne and Melville and Howells and Irving to a secondary place among American novelists) to examine a little more honestly Wolfe's claim to greatness than most of our nodding critics have so far done.

The reveries which Thomas Wolfe somewhat recently brought together under the title *From Death to Morning* do little more than illustrate further whatever merits and deficiencies his two previous novels have already displayed. It will therefore be sufficient if I refer to them later only by way of amplifying my remarks on the novels themselves. But I do feel it necessary to suggest the contents of both the novels before making my comments upon them. *Look Homeward, Angel* is a panoramic first novel chronicling at least in large part, we may presume, the life in Wolfe's own family up through the second decade of our century, when Eugene, its autobiographical and central character, leaves his home and college in North Carolina to go to Harvard. William Gant, the stone-cutter, powerful, lecherous, and querulous, marries Eliza Pentland to found the large family with which *Look Homeward, Angel* and its recent sequel, *Of Time and the River,* both deal. Eliza has a passion for wealth; while her husband carves "the smooth joined marble hands of death" on tombstones, she buys land and property. She has little time for tenderness toward any of her children; Gant himself pauses only long enough from his orgies of drinking and cursing to revile his wife and family. Thus, one by one, the Gant children are drawn into the net spun out of their mother's calculating parsimony and their father's bitterness and lust. Two of the children escape only by death; and Eugene, the youngest son, goes to Harvard in the end, but still carries with him all the feeling of futility born of his early life. Ironically enough, the angel cannot help looking homeward. Nor does he "escape" in the sequel. *Of Time and the River* covers the years which he spent in Professor Hatcher's play-writing class at Harvard, his career as an instructor in a large New York university, and his travels in Europe. Nostalgia and hunger and frustration remain with him always: "Like all men in this land, he had been a wanderer, an exile on the immortal earth." And Wolfe wonders: "What is the fury which this youth will feel, which will lash him on against the great earth forever?"

What shall be said of these books? I have already commented upon their obvious merits and I now believe they ought to be examined for defects which will be just as obvious —though monoptic critics will not admit them. I should observe at the outset that if Thomas Wolfe is to continue as a genuinely vital force in our letters, he will have to acquire a philosophy and method less derivative from some of our older and more negative writers. He has taken too many drafts from certain old and dried-up springs: his work suffers much as a consequence. In common with Dreiser —and none of the critics have noted this—he loves to pile up unconscionably boring catalogues of details and meaningless autobiographical reminiscences. Pages of his novels sound like a railroad time-table; and chapters of them sound like a lesson in geography. With rhapsodic prose he attempts to create, in Eugene Gant, a young man honestly trying to escape from a harsh

environment. But he succeeds in creating a character with just about the same heroic proportions as one of Dreiser's own mooning and maudlin young men—overly sex-conscious, confused and bewildered by life. Eugene Gant, with all his dreams, is still egoist enough to wonder just what would happen to him if he were not really the genius he hoped he might be; he can dream at one moment and in the next curse his own mother. Wolfe has, furthermore, all of Dreiser's stale and yet amusingly wistful attitude toward "success" and luxury: toward such things as a "fine restaurant . . . the French waiters, the delicious food, the beautiful women, the well-dressed, prosperous and worldly-looking men." And he shares with Dreiser the rather outmoded attitude toward man as a puppet: "We are a phantom flare of grieved desire, the ghostling and phosphoric flicker of immortal time." One of the Wolfe characters is described as a "grain of human dust, an atom thrust by chance into the great roar of a distant city." Of the Gant family it is recorded that "with an insane fatalism they had surrendered to the savage chaos of life." Is not this, by now, a rather old tune to be played by one who is supposed to be "fresh" and "vital"?

Again, much in Wolfe is disagreeably suggestive of James Joyce. And it should be emphatically observed that this constitutes one of his most fundamental weaknesses. For most of what is commendable in Wolfe is the result of his skill in making things *happen*, in giving a sense of movement and power to time, in portraying men as creatures in a world primarily of activity and not passivity. But how boring this novelist can become when he tries instead to make time stand still! The scene (in the latter part of *Look Homeward, Angel*) in which Eugene visits the spirit of Ben and sees the phantasmagoria of the townspeople; the quoted lines of poetry intended as satiric commentary on Eugene's reading; the introduction (in *Of Time and the River*) of a meaningless diary recording a trip through France and reading like a Baedeker—is not all this reminiscent of Joyce and does it not retard the movement of the novels and subtract seriously from their vitality? Why, for example, was that long diary introduced, unless, perchance, our author wanted merely to fill pages by transferring to them strictly autobiographic, but pointless, details? And what effect is achieved by such Joycian mannerisms as the following: "In Louisiana bayous the broken moonlight shivers the broken moonlight quivers the light of many rivers lay dreaming in the moonlight beaming in the moonlight dreaming in the moonlight moonlight moonlight seeming in the moonlight moonlight moonlight to be gleaming to be streaming in the moonlight moonlight moonlight moonlight moonlight moonlight moonlight"?

In *Of Time and the River* Thomas Wolfe suggests another out-moded adherence when he observes that "the man who suggests the strangeness and variety of this life most is Sherwood Anderson. Or was. I think he's got too fancy since he wrote *Winesburg, Ohio*." But Mr. Anderson's admirer is, we may rest assured, never too "fancy." His characters outdo the master's in savagery, bitterness, and futility; and his towns make Winesburg

seem, by comparison, cheerful Dutch villages sketched by Washington Irving. All the members of the Gant family seem to hate one another. Old Gant himself is almost always in some drunken orgy: the night that Eugene is born, Mrs. Gant has to lock herself in her room to protect herself from his abuse; and the father does not even know of the birth of his son until he becomes sober at dawn. The children hate their parents with the most unnatural and bitter hate. All of them represent types whose entire nervous systems are highly disorganized. Can Wolfe not create one single character in harmony with life?

The undertaker, Horse Hines, reeks continually of alcohol. Doctor Coker, the physician called in at Ben's death, puts his hat back on his head and lights his cigar before his patient is even dead. And in the Winesburgs of Wolfe's fancy not only can no one live in peace, but no one can die in peace. Thus, in the scene, from *Look Homeward, Angel*, in which Ben dies, the whole family hysterically leaves the dying boy alone with Eugene and Eliza. Eliza holds her dying son's hands and sobs. Eugene tries to pray—not, we are told, because he believes in God or immortality, but because he is afraid not to believe in God or immortality. Just before Ben dies, the family is called back in. Immediately afterwards Luke and Eugene go down to a restaurant to enjoy a nice steak and get rid of their hysteria by screeching out ballads. There, we are told, in a choice Wolfian sentence, that "their bull-laughter bellowed in the beanery." Again, when their father dies, the boys send one of the lodgers out after a gallon of whisky and "everyone drank a great deal, became, in fact, somewhat intoxicated; when the undertakers came to take Gant away, none of the family was present. No one saw it. They were all in the kitchen seated around Eliza's battered old kitchen table, with the jug of whisky on the table before them. They drank and talked together all night long until dawn came." Suggesting the same abnormality of character is the story in *From Death to Morning* in which, when the dying father is taken off to the hospital, one of the sons seriously complains that he had been looking forward to enjoying the trip, but that now he knows he will be disappointed!

Such is at least a large part of the "variety" and "strangeness" of life which Mr. Wolfe would "embrace." He himself admits—and this goes beyond even Anderson—that the Gant family "were so used to the curse, the clamor, and the roughness, that any variation into tenderness came as a cruel affectation." One of the sisters loves her young brother so much that at times "her sweltering and inchoate fury was so great that she threw him on the floor and stamped on him." And as a final neat little picture of family affection among the Gants, let me remind readers of the incident in which Big Brother—only in "an agony of petulance," however!—strikes at his young brother's shin "with a heavy wrench . . . knocking him to the ground and crippling him . . ." Such are but a few of the moments in the lives of these "atoms on the huge breast of the indifferent earth."

In *Of Time and the River* it is said of one of Eugene Gant's experiences that "like everything he did or saw that year . . . it became a part

of his whole memory. . . ." Wolfe, too, seems unable to *forget* anything. His technique demands the inclusion of every possible detail. As a result, his canvas becomes crowded with incidents and names and ideas that are so insignificant as to make the tapestry of his work seem without pattern, or always woven on the wrong side. He thinks he is adding color when he is often adding only blotches of brutality or coarseness. In his eagerness to "devour" the whole of life, he grinds out epithets and insists upon adding to the "richness" of every idea by qualifying it with as many adjectives as he can summon to his aid—little realizing, it would seem, that he is thereby repudiating one of the most fundamental laws of literary art—that of artistic selection. Thus, his characters all seem to breathe "stertorously"; Eugene not only grins, but grins "in his entrails"; people not only curse, but they do so "in a tone of mincing and ironic refinement"; a lover must speak with "kissy, wetty talkie"; the hysteria of the Gant family is not only "welled" but "agglutinated"; laughter is not only "confused" but a "twiddle-giggle"; crowds are a l w a y s the "man-swarm"; people cannot yawn unless they do so "cavernously"; men never smile except "lewdly"; an odor is not simply an odor, but "one huge gigantic Stink, a symphonic Smell, a vast organ-note of stupefying odor, cunningly contrived, compacted, and composed of eighty-seven separate several putrefactions." In such manner does Wolfe embrace life!

This repudiation of the principle of artistic selection results, furthermore, in two other defects which offer a grave challenge to his position. His "realism" is so deliberately grim at times as to be nothing but repellent; and it depends, too often, only upon its capacity for shocking (and on a reader's capacity for being shocked) by drawing indiscriminately upon every atrocity and horror and depravity that a member of the cult of cruelty likes to exploit. I do not propose here to affront the sensibilities of my readers with any of the most graphic passages with which Mr. Wolfe always describes the physical details of death: were a coroner called upon to read publicly some of these details, I am certain he would beg to be excused. But to make my point I must quote one or two lines that I carefully pick as being, certainly, not the most offensive. The following sentence Mr. Wolfe finds quite necessary in making us see the death of an Italian vendor hit by a truck: "The spaghetti, pieces of brain, and fragments of the skull were mixed together on the pavement in a horrible bloody welter." And this rather unnecessary bit of "realism," Mr. Wolfe with great reserve, makes sufficient for the description of a man dying beneath a train: ". . . this atom finds its end at length, perhaps, at some unknown place upon the savage visage of the continent, exploded, a smear of blood on the rock ballast, a scream lost in the roar of pounding wheels, a winding of entrails round the axle of rods, a brief indecipherable bobbing of blood and bone and brains upon the wooden ties. . . ."

Why quote further? Isn't this exactly what Miss Cather refers to, in her "The Novel Démeublé," when she speaks of novelists who think themselves justified in throwing any amount of realism onto the scales

just to make the beam dip? But the discerning reader, let it be hoped, will not be misled by such a manifestation of incompetence. He will see that it is indeed with "grappling-hooks" that Thomas Wolfe gets his hold on art!

Nor should the discerning reader be misled into believing that this young novelist has given to our fiction those impulses which can come only from a strongly affirmative and sound philosophy. As a matter of fact, Thomas Wolfe affirms little of anything beyond an insatiable hunger for experience—"the hunger that grows from everything it feeds upon, the thirst that gulps down rivers and remains insatiate. Paradoxically enough, he brings to the very life he hungers for, negation rather than affirmation. As a consequence, he gives us in himself not only a picture of a man "who would have the whole of his cake and eat it, too," but the picture of a man who comes rather close to insisting that there is not even any cake.

I can think of no better illustration of this negative philosophy than the remark of one of the characters in *From Death to Morning:* "Might it not be that in this great dream of time in which we live and are the moving figures, there is no greater certitude than this: that, having met, spoken, known each other for a moment, as somewhere on this earth we were hurled onward through the darkness between two points of time, it is well to be content with this, to leave each other as met, letting each one go alone to his appointed destination, sure of this only, needing only this—that there will be silence for us all and silence only, nothing but silence, at the end?"

This point might possibly not be so worthy of notice if Thomas Wolfe did not seem to take himself quite so seriously as a philosopher. But our author tells us himself that all the people from his section of the country are philosophers, and he would most certainly not except himself: "the man is naturally a philosopher—he loves nothing better than to discuss abstract and difficult questions such as the nature of truth, goodness, and beauty, the essence of property, the problem of God." Consequently, Wolfe becomes the philosopher. He becomes a metaphysician by having Eugene reflect: "I am . . . a part of all that I have touched and that has touched me, which, having for me no existence save that which I gave to it, became other than itself by being mixed with what I then was, and is now still otherwise, having fused with what I now am, which is itself a culmination of what I have been becoming. Why here? Why there? Why now? When then?" He becomes the psychologist, limping, it is true, somewhat lamely after Freud, by reflecting upon Helen Gant's life: "She did not know what she wanted to do with her life; it was probable that she would never control even partially her destiny." And, still in the shadow of Freud, he reflects upon Eliza Gant: "Her life was somehow beyond these accidents of time, training, and occasion, and the woman was as guiltless as a child, a river, an avalanche, or any force of nature whatsoever." He becomes the social philosopher with his comments, drawn from rather isolated instances, upon environment and heredity. He is the philosopher of the world of letters —even though most of his fellow-writers will rebel at his advice about getting their "grappling-

hooks" into their material. In short, he philosophizes and reflects upon not only nature and truth and time and eternity, but also upon food and railroads and rivers—upon everything.

The danger of it all is that indiscriminate readers may forget that mere rhapsodizing is not philosophizing. For it is possible to talk emotionally about all the rivers in America—and Wolfe would seem not to miss many—without uttering any singularly great truth about life. It is possible to have the most voracious literary appetite—to read twenty-thousand volumes (!), as Eugene Gant does, without absorbing one fundamental observation about humanity. It is possible—and Thomas Wolfe proves it—to make time stand still while for several pages we watch the Gants eat breakfast. But are the pages of any novel at all reënforced by mere description? Do hundreds of rhapsodic passages about rivers flowing and people eating and humanity cursing give one any claim to being the interpreter of life which we expect the good novelist to be? All of this Mr. Wolfe's critics have so far neglected to tell us.

They have also neglected to note that his confused purposes as a writer often betray him into the very sort of sentimentality which he so loves to satirize. I cannot quote sufficiently from any of the long passages that might be used to illustrate this; I must instead content myself with a line which can be calculated to suggest the sort of thing I mean. Mr. Wolfe's readers will recall the scene from *Of Time and the River* in which Eugene goes walking with the sister of Joel Pierce: "And it was all so wonderful—the sleeping woods, the moon-enchanted fields, the slow, light grazings of the moonlit cows, and all the fragrance of the night. . . ." Doesn't this sort of thing outdo even the author of *Sister Carrie*? There are dozens of longer but equally illustrative passages in the Wolfe novels—passages which actually parody themselves!

Finally, it has not seemed to occur to any of Mr. Wolfe's critics that, so far, he has proved himself rather incapable of severing himself from his dependence upon what seems to be strictly autobiographical material. Might we not wonder just how far such talent as he possesses for this sort of thing, will carry him? The moods that he evokes are very few; his enthusiasms are not so many as might be supposed; in the two novels which he has so far written he has covered rather thoroughly almost the whole autobiographical range of his life. The four other novels which he has already planned and which he is now working upon are to fill out the Gant saga. Wolfe will then be covering material with which, in large part, he cannot be very familiar. One wonders, indeed, if he will not find some difficulty getting his "grappling-hooks" into a life that he himself has not known intimately. But, in the meantime, I suppose, it might be well—just to be on the safe side of the critical fence—for us to think of some one else as the "greatest American writer of all time."

A HILL IN HUNGARY

By Mary Irene Woodruff

THERE is a hill in Hungary
That seems to touch the sky.
And at your feet a river,
So blue it makes your heart ache
With its burning beauty.
Standing in the twilight
You feel so strong, so free, so tall
That you could stretch your hand
And touch the slender
Hammered silver sickle
Of the moon; spread your fingers
And catch the first shy evening star.

On summer nights the hill is studded
By the winking campfires
Of the wandering gypsies,
Leaping, blazing, waning
Like giant, earth-bound fireflies.
Through the warm, still night
Throbs the strangely human voice
Of the sighing violins,
In the passionate Romany music
That sets a golden fire
Dancing along your veins.
Music that glows and flames;
That drums with sultry, fierce insistence
Until you feel it pulsing in your heart
And beating madly in your blood.

In the brooding silence of the dawn
There are mist-gray shadows on the river
Below the heaven-aspiring hill.
On the clear emerald of the grass
Fairies have set their elfin traps,
Their gossamer, silver nets of dew
To snare an errant, drifting dream.
Then, in the living stillness
You hear the whisper of God's voice
Faint, yet clear, across the space
Between you and Eternity.
For a breathless moment you may feel
The heartbeat of the Universe.

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS

By Emily Wangard Thomann

TO New Orleans belongs the credit of erecting the first statue to a woman in America.[1] The history of this city contains many characters whose lives were full of color, romance and drama, but none is more picturesque or inspiring than that of "Margaret," the humble dairy woman, whose image and noble life the people of New Orleans have sought to immortalize in stone. In a small triangular park called "Margaret's Place" in front of St. Teresa's Orphanage on Camp Street in the old French quarter of the city stands her monument. The money which built it was donated within four days after her death by the populace of the city, contributions coming from all classes and all races and in all amounts. It was the spontaneous tribute of a bereaved citizenry to one whom they loved; it was a public testimonial to broad humanitarianism and full-hearted philanthropy. The statue represents Margaret as she was in life. It is a reproduction of a large bosomed, plain featured, motherly woman in calico and sunbonnet, seated in a chair with her arm encircling protectingly the shoulders of a ragged orphan. The stone tells the story well, but unfortunately it is placed in a portion of the city where it is little seen or appreciated, and there is danger that its significance may be lost after the older generation which knew her has passed away.

It is strange indeed that no one in New Orleans has seen fit to write her history. The city's historians, as far as diligent research has revealed, have ignored her, except for a brief mention made by Grace King in her *New Orleans: the Place and the People.*

It is to be hoped that some local public-spirited individual will see fit to collect the many anecdotes about her and to gather the testimony and evidence of those eye-witnesses who knew her, before death has silenced these fast disappearing contemporaries.

In "Margaret," New Orleans possesses a treasure of inestimable value. She is a heroine for rich and poor alike, an ideal for the bereaved mother, a consolation to the widow, an inspiration to the American business woman, and a model to the Catholic womanhood of this country. Charity made the humble dairy woman great. She had little of this world's knowledge—signing at the end of her life with a mark the will which bequeathed property in excess of $50,000 to charity and created a trust fund for her pet orphanage which supports it to this day. She had little, at first, of this world's goods, but with kindness and good will to mankind in her heart, with truth and justice as her guide, with faith in God as her strength, her industry accomplished material wonders and spiritual triumphs.

Margaret was born in Killashan-

[1] Editor's Note: According to *Harper's Encyclopedia of American History*, a monument on Dustin Island, N. H., to Mrs. Hannah Dustin who, in 1697, killed nine of her sleeping Indian captors and escaped, antedates this by ten years.

dra, Cavan County, Ireland, in 1813, the fifth child of William and Margaret Gaffney. The father was considered a well-to-do tenant farmer in his locality; the mother was a member of the house of Chieftain O'Rourke. In 1818 the parents with the three younger children sailed for America. After a long stormy voyage of six months filled with hardships and want, they landed in Maryland. It was during this journey that the bright little blue-eyed girl made a friend who influenced her whole career. During this time the infant sister died. The parents with the remaining son and daughter made their home in Baltimore. These were the times of fearful epidemics, and four years later Margaret's parents were carried off by a scourge of yellow fever. In compliance with the law to prevent contagion and to halt the epidemic all the household goods were destroyed. Margaret, a little girl of nine, with her brother stood orphaned and penniless beside the bier of their parents. All that was left to them of the past were the prayer books of the family. Undoubtedly the memory of this experience and the events which followed determined the trend of Margaret's later life.

Upon the boat which brought Margaret from Ireland, a fellow passenger, a Welsh woman, Mrs. Richards, had befriended the family. She had developed an unusual love for the gay little girl. Upon the death of the parents, she took Margaret to her home and reared her as fondly as if she had been her own. It seems she also took the brother but he died soon after, so no further mention of him is found. Mrs. Richards was a Baptist but with admirable tolerance and liberality raised Margaret in the faith of her parents. In memory of this splendid woman Margaret's own charity never recognized any distinction of creed. "They are all orphans alike," she remarked many times, "they are all God's children. And I too was once an orphan." She was placed under the guidance of a Jesuit, Father McElroy, for whom she had a great affection. Since no records are available of this period, it may be safe to assume that her life, until she married at twenty-one, consisted of the usual household routine. She never learned to read or write. In 1834 in the cathedral at Baltimore she married Charles Haughery, a fine young Irishman but unfortunately of delicate constitution. Margaret had always had an unexplained desire to go to New Orleans, and now her husband's health intensified her eagerness. Hoping the milder climate would cure his tuberculosis the young bride and groom sailed for New Orleans in 1835. Their hopes, however, were not fulfilled and physicians advised a sea voyage. Finances forbade that both go, so it was decided the husband should go alone to visit the motherland. The husband delayed until after the birth of the expected child and then sailed for Ireland. Again hopes remained unrealized, and before long the news of his death arrived. Margaret was desolated. And then to complete the desolation, her child sickened and within three months also died. Margaret was left alone in a strange land, a grief-stricken widow and a bereaved mother, without money, education, relatives, or friends. This at the age of twenty-three was her equipment for her monument, for fame and immortality.

She obtained work at the St. Charles Hotel as a laundress. Margaret's salvation at this time was the friend she had found in Sister Francis Regis, a member of the Order of the Sisters of Charity whose mother house was in Emmitsburg, Md. A rare mutual friendship and partnership developed between these two women which lasted through life and continued into death, since the bodies of the two rest together in the same vault which Margaret caused to be constructed for the Sisters. "She was all to me when my husband and baby died," Margaret always said of her. Sister Regis was head of Poydras Asylum at this time,—the first and very inadequate attempt to provide help for motherless children and the poor in New Orleans. In order to console her friend, Sister Regis asked Margaret to visit her, assuring her that if she looked beyond her own horizon she would find grief and suffering far greater than her own. From that time, like others who have built on the ashes of a dead love, she became the "Friend of the Orphan" and the "Help of the Poor." Her great abilities of organization and administration, of leadership and shrewd business judgment asserted themselves and she entered on a career unique in the commercial as well as the philanthropic world.

In 1837 the Sisters had to leave Poydras. With an empty treasury they decided to move to a house which was given to them free of rent. But the Withers' Mansion on Levee Street had its shortcomings. It was an old dilapidated house, untenanted for many years because of its reputation of being haunted. The roof leaked, the doors creaked, the rooms were draped with cobwebs,—but it was shelter and required no down payment. So with prayers of gratitude the Sisters, assisted by Margaret, moved their few belongings and their charges into their new abode. It is said that Margaret who was never demonstrative, never having been known to kiss anyone in her life, wept at the sight of the destitution and poverty, and impulsively clasped Sister Regis in her arms, crying, "I cannot leave you in such a plight. I haven't wealth but I give you and the babies all I possess." And then she went to work. Her masculine energy and will asserted itself and through her efforts clothing, bedding and furnishings gradually appeared. She became the provider and business manager. She gave up her work as laundress and joined the Orphanage. She never became a nun—her job lay in the world of men. With money she had saved as a laundress she bought necessary household equipment. Food she obtained by begging, especially at the hotels. Her earnestness and pleasant manner made her a successful beggar. The story is told that some hotel keeper teasingly told her she could have certain food if she carted it away in a wheelbarrow. Margaret hastened away, returned with a barrow and joyfully wheeled the food to the hungry children on Levee Street. After that, she and her barrow became a familiar sight in the streets. To her there was no excuse for pride while children were in want. She begged clothes, furniture, money—help in any form.

And so in this wretched abode life soon became livable. Margaret's presence encouraged the Sisters, and her sweetness and gayety enriched the lives of the mother-

less children. Many amusing anecdotes are told of this time. There is the one, plausible enough, of the evening when Margaret had accumulated more goods than she could carry and employed a colored boy to carry her basket to the Home. It was growing dark as they approached the house and the Sisters moving about with lighted candles, their cornets throwing weird shadows on the wall, lent credence to the superstitious belief that the house was haunted. When the boy realized Margaret's destination, he dropped the basket in fright; "I'se not gwine into that house," he pleaded. Margaret coaxed him just to take the basket to the door. A Sister from within had heard her voice and hastened to the door; the boy seeing her white cornet against the dingy background yelled, "Dat am de ghost, and it's got horns," and fled in terror.

And so by 1839, two years after they moved into "Withers," Margaret had made many friends and enlisted sympathy and help for the inmates of the haunted house. Gradually the reputation died, and the property value of the place was restored. The owner put it on the market and it was sold. Here was a new problem. With a mother's solicitude Margaret had always lamented the lack of fresh air and of playgrounds for the children. She determined they should have both. Knowing of a deserted plantation not far away, she and Sister Regis called upon the owner and convinced the gentleman of his duty to donate it rent free to the orphans. Everybody was delighted to move to the country. Margaret lost no time in purchasing two cows with her own money, so that the children would have proper nourishment. She took personal charge of the dairy, increasing it slowly. Soon there was a surplus of cream and Margaret sold this to the neighbors. By degrees there was such a demand upon the creamery that she could ask her own price. Finding this was a money-making business, she increased the dairy to forty cows, purchased a cart and horse, and personally delivered her products to all parts of the city. In her calico dress and sunbonnet she became a familiar figure in New Orleans as she daily drove her milk cart through the streets. Everybody knew she was working for the orphans and so her patronage grew rapidly. From then on she was known simply as "Margaret" for she no longer belonged to any family,—she belonged to the city.

During all this time the executive in Margaret realized that the orphans must have a permanent home with title in the Sisters of Charity. She talked it and planned for it continuously. Everybody by this time knew her and loved her. In 1840 she determined to build the orphanage. She interviewed business men, charitable women, and received donations which her shrewd judgment deemed sufficient to begin construction. With these and money she had saved from the dairy and a large indebtedness she built the St. Teresa Asylum on Camp Street in front of which her statue now stands. It was finished in 1841 and the Sisters moved into their own home. From that time to 1882, the year of Margaret's death, it had housed three thousand and eight orphans and continues to house them to this day. Margaret had promised Sister Regis when they began construction that she would remain with them until the

debt was paid. She kept her promise. Within the next ten years Margaret's dairy had paid off the mortgage.

In 1852 Margaret left St. Teresa's and started in business for herself. She made money in her dairy and being a shrewd financier her investments prospered. Soon she began making contributions to all the other orphanages,—the Episcopalian, Lutheran, Jewish and colored. No estimate can be placed on the value of her gifts, for her contributions to individuals were always given in secrecy. But every public charity counted her among its benefactors. She was particularly generous with the Little Sisters of the Poor. It was during this time she developed her scheme for the proper education of girls. To-day we would call her an educator. She decided that the orphans from the age of one to seven should live in a unit by themselves, with equipment and surroundings appropriate to their years; those from seven to fourteen again should have their own building, and those from fourteen to eighteen should have a technical and vocational training in a separate institution. Margaret appreciated the value of a practical as well as a spiritual education and she is a pioneer in the vocational training for women. The girls who left the orphanage at eighteen were equipped to earn a livelihood.

Margaret's pet scheme was to build a "baby house." This desire was intensified by the epidemics of yellow fever which were sweeping New Orleans during the fifties and orphaning children by the thousands. Margaret visited the homes of the sick, ministered to their needs, consoled the dying parents and promised to be a mother to the children who survived. Undoubtedly she recalled the time this same disease orphaned her, and Mrs. Richards had mothered her. The number of orphans increased so rapidly that Margaret built in 1857 her baby house, the St. Vincent de Paul Infant Asylum, on the corner of Magazine and Race Streets. She followed the same tactics she had used in building St. Teresa's, and then again paid off all the debt herself out of the proceeds of her business.

Two years later, in 1859, Margaret closed her dairy and substituted for it the first steam operated bakery in the South. She now exchanged the milk cart for the bread cart. For some time she had been lending money to some friends. The disturbed condition of the country due to the impending Civil War made repayment impossible. Margaret foresaw the inevitable bankruptcy and took the business in payment of the debt. Under her supervision it soon became one of the leading manufacturing institutions of the city. New methods were installed and the place soon hummed with activity. Wagons delivered flour, others loaded bread and crackers for the city trade, and still others loaded for export. The business gave employment to forty men. Margaret always managed the business personally and her administrative ability and financial success gave her a position of respect and influence in commercial circles. She became a leading "business man" of the community, and her advice was sought by the others. It is said that even the banker consulted her. During the war other businesses went to the wall, but the bakery carried on. Her bakery to the time of her death,

supplied all the orphanages of the city—some seven or eight—with bread at cost price or less; and after her death the business became a trust fund for the support of the "baby house." One Sister notes the revealing fact that always under the loaves of bread was hidden some delicacy as a surprise for the little ones. Under the firm masculine exterior of the business executive beat the heart of a mother. The bakery, a rendezvous for people of all classes seeking either her advice or her donation, was particularly such for mendicants. To these she gave a loaf of bread, often cutting it in two, however, if she suspected the recipient of wanting to sell it for drink.

During the war Margaret labored hard for the unfortunate of a war-scourged city. Although a Confederate at heart she cared impartially for the families of the soldiers of both forces, and she enjoyed the respect and esteem of the commanders of both armies. On one occasion General Butler permitted her to cross the line to have a cargo of flour brought in for the poor. On another occasion when permission was denied, she went anyway. Many stories are told of her unique influence at this time; and if they are to be believed, she was neither timid nor gentle in word or action if the occasion warranted. She could inspire fear in her opponents if necessary. On one occasion the city council had decided to build an engine house in the triangle before the Camp Street orphanage. Margaret was indignant that they had not given it to the orphanage as a playground. She lodged a vigorous protest and her intervention procured it for the orphans. It is the same ground which later was given back to the city as the site for her memorial.

In 1870 she built the last unit of her series of three orphanages, St. Elizabeth's home for girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Her life after that resolved itself into support of the institutions of charity then in existence and help to private individuals. Since no record has been kept no estimate can be formed of the amount of money she dispensed from then until the time of her death. Her mode of life had changed very little. She had a comfortable home next to her bakery, had her own carriage, and a faithful housekeeper and friend. She lived simply. Her calico dress and bonnet, which she wore in her daily business, were replaced by black silk when she went to church or to any social occasion. Then illness overtook her. The nature of it is not revealed. The Sisters and her friends nursed her faithfully. She suffered long and patiently and died in February, 1882, at the age of sixty-nine.

The newspapers proclaiming her death appeared in mourning. The whole city mourned, thousands passed her bier as she lay in state in St. Vincent's Asylum, the "baby house" she had built. The Archbishop said the solemn Requiem Mass in St. Teresa's church. Governors and city fathers were her pallbearers. She was buried in the great "White Tomb" erected by herself for the Sisters of Charity, in the same vault where lay the remains of Sister Regis who had died twenty years before.

The day after her death George Toner decided to erect a monument. He called a meeting and a committee was appointed to raise the sum of $6,000. Contributions

came from all parts of the State, many from orphans reared under her care. In three days, the committee gave notice that further subscriptions were unnecessary. A local artist made a drawing of her, natural and lifelike in garb and position. The epitaph, cut into the stone, was the single word, "Margaret." The sketch was sent to an Italian sculptor who reproduced it faithfully in Carrara marble, and two years after her death the memorial arrived. The city had decreed "Margaret's Place" as the site, and materials of all kinds were donated to prepare the small park, such as spades, grading material, trees, labor, paint, bricks—even the railroad carried the freight free.

The unveiling ceremony took place on Wednesday, July 9, 1884, with Governor Nicholls delivering the oration.

Margaret Haughery's will is an interesting document. To those who are skeptical of her accomplishments it must be indisputable proof that the story here told is not legendary. Margaret did not hoard her money while she lived, she spent it freely herself, using her own judgment as to how the greatest good could be accomplished. Her recompense was the joy and happiness which comes from replacing sorrow and want with good cheer and plenty. And after a lifetime of spending there still remained a fortune to be disposed of,—disposed of by a will signed by her mark! Under that will she distributed $18,000 in legacies, cancelled debts of unknown amount, made gifts of personal belongings, other property, and a rental income, and created a trust fund of a business she valued at $30,000. The will disposes of an estate in excess of $50,000.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Church would one day proclaim the humble dairy woman "Saint" Margaret. To those whose lives are spent outside the cloister, to whom work and service must be prayer, to whom the monotonous grind of routine household tasks must be service to God and man, the canonization of Margaret would bring hope and encouragement. The piety and religious fervor characteristic of the saints of other lands very often discourage the American mother and business woman. The American woman's life is one of work and labor, of commercial undertaking for the benefit of those dependent upon her. Practical Christianity must be the source of her salvation, and Margaret's life is the beautiful demonstration of it. The reassurance that such work and service rendered in obedience to God's will are prayer and acceptable to Him which the Church's recognition of Margaret would give, would bring peace and happiness to their hearts.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THERE is today an immense amount of nonsense talked about both Bolshevism and Fascism. It is not really necessary, in order to condemn Fascism, to become an apologist for the Russians; nor is it required that those who hate Bolshevism, as every intelligent Christian must, should cry out that Fascism is our only salvation therefrom. There is no point in denying to either of them, or both, validity and propriety, if all we have to offer instead is a parliamentary State manipulated by the cleverest, and frequently by the most unscrupulous; a democracy wherein capitalists, mechanics, and farmers organize and contend for privilege, each and all seeking to buy up, with money often, and always with threat of personal and party dismissal, their supposedly wise and noble-minded legislators. It is foolish to deny the enemy's strength, or to blink at one's own weakness. There are real defects both in Bolshevism and in Fascism; but we may best point them out if we are not too much oppressed with our own superlative righteousness.

—Bernard Iddings Bell, *A Catholic Looks at His World.*

It is unfortunate that in recent times many [teachers] have regarded the deprecation of memory work as a necessary qualification for the title of progressive educator. The truth of the matter is that memory is one of the most important and valuable intellectual possessions of man as an individual and as a species. . . . It is well said that man is man because he remembers. The collective memory of humanity is the primary secret of its kingly superiority over other creatures.

—Michael Demiashkevich, *Introduction to the Philosophy of Education.*

By the autumn of 1934 it was evident, it seemed to me, to any unprejudiced observer, that the spell of autocracy and collectivism had been broken, that Fascism or Communism were not going to sweep the world, that they would advance no further, and in fact that they, and the policies which reflect or imitate them, would then recede. This has, I think, proved to be the case. It may be said, for example, that since the Nazi blood purge of June, 1934, and the murder of Dollfuss in Vienna, it has been impossible for Fascism to advance further by converting the people of Europe. It can advance only by conquering them, which is a much less likely result. . . . The struggle is by no means ended. But the prestige of the dictatorships is very much lower than it was and among the democracies the defeatist mood has passed away.

—Walter Lippmann.

We live in an age of political idolatries. The old and sane conception of politics as a matter of relative not absolute importance has been repudiated in one nation after another. We see humanity sacrificed to that modern Moloch the Totalitarian State, which dooms

many souls to a spiritual if not physical death and requires of each a kind of glorified servitude for life, cutting right across his inalienable rights, his religious loyalties, his family duties.

—*Catholic Herald*, February 21st.

Is it not time that, instead of vaunting the superiority of the active life over the contemplative, we recognised that useful knowledge, in exact proportion to its continued success, is going to lead to its own bankruptcy. The pity of it is that men and women have been trained, in so far as they have been trained at all, for work and not for leisure. In other words, the fundamental mistake of modern education, as of modern civilization generally is that of sacrificing the end to the means. The deadly folly of the Fascist or Nazi schemes of national organisation, is just that they are training whole peoples solely for action; and it is only too likely that those peoples will sooner or later clamour to be led into the action for which they have been trained, since they have never learnt that there is any better or more intelligent way of employing their mental and physical powers.

—Philip S. Richards, in *The Hibbert Journal* (London), October, 1935.

Because those ways in which this book [Briffault's *Europa*] is meant to resemble a novel are so absurd, because although it is obscenely filthy it is also abysmally dull—a judgement which seems a paradox only to the adolescent or the truly vulgar—we are tempted to laugh it away and dismiss it. But the legions of evil are behind it; they carry it over the land. Disguised as the advance-guard of light, as the advocates of honesty, as the messengers of human brotherhood, they take simple people—ashamed of their rectitude in the face of their intellectual betters' "tolerance," blushing to admit themselves confused by close acquaintance with such obscenity and blasphemy as others can bear without wincing—as dupes and prisoners into the Adversary's camp. And after them, led by the nose, go the young people.

—Dorothea Brande, in *The American Review*, February.

The Church does say that true religion, which it teaches is more precious than any secular knowledge; it does say that without right philosophy, knowledge can be terribly dangerous; it does say that first truths should come first. And this undoubtedly means that the Catholic temper is inclined toward caution and skepticism in scientific questions. But the temper of mind that does not lead to a rushing, headlong acceptance of the latest fads of "science," in the long run is the salvation and mainstay of true science.

—Ross J. S. Hoffman, *Restoration*.

It is an ancient and honorable controversy, the argument over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of town and country living. . . . The spell of the great city has broadcast a glamour that is far from real, and at the same time given life in the small town a drabness that is equally undeserved. The small-town "hick," the country "rube," are as rare as the city "slicker." None of them ever existed in a statistical sense. They are literary figures. . . . It isn't riding in the subway or seeing the Empire State Building, or struggling with the crowd on Forty-second Street, that makes a man large-minded.

That merely develops the special skill of coping with crowds, just as cultivating the soil develops weather wisdom. After all, it is as broad as it is long. The boulevardier cuts no better figure in a cornfield than the farmer on Broadway.

—Ernest Elmo Calkins, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, February.

A people's *Weltanschauung* is not concerned with chemical formulas; it is built, in the eloquent words of John Morley, around "the questions that haunt all ages, that survive all philosophies, that defy continuous generations of chartered soothsayers, that mock rising and sinking schools alike." This is the stuff with which the social sciences and the humanities are concerned: "man's outlook upon the world and time and human destinies; the mental summary of experience, knowledge, duty, affections to his fellows." Most people are only dimly aware of these matters. It is the task of thoughtful men to examine anew ideas on these topics which tradition has handed down to us, to test them in the light of new experiences and of hitherto unknown facts which the changing social life presents. It is at this point that American universities seem to fail.

—Carl Joachim Friedrich, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, February.

The Nazis say that Germans *qua* Germans are supermen, superlatively wise, transcendently noble, to whom, by virtue of their German blood, belongs the direction of the future. . . . This Teutonic myth, upon advancing which German Fascism relies for reaching the destined glory of the German people, is nonsensical. It is a theory false in fact—against ethnological science and contrary to history. The Germans are not of one blood; nor has civilization ever flowered in the north except when Teutonic peoples have mingled with Mediterranean peoples, and German culture been corrected and enriched thereby. There is no use laboring the point. Every historian knows it. Even Fascism came up to Germany over the Alps. Worst of all, the claim is funny. When all the world laughs, the sound is sure to make ludicrous, in the end, the Germans in their own eyes and foolish in their ears the passionate oratory of their present leaders. The present unifying Nazi principle amounts to worse than nothing; and without a centralizing principle that will wash, no dictatorship is able long to survive.

—Bernard Iddings Bell, *A Catholic Looks at His World*.

The inner citadel of freedom of speech and freedom of thinking is the printing press. . . . The adult American is no child to be protected against the confusion of too many doctrines. His very existence as a potential citizen of a democracy, even such an imperfect democracy as ours, depends upon access to the flow of opinion. It is not realized how easily that flow can be stopped. Clamp down on elementary education, and the youth still can read. Clamp down on the free expression of opinion in books, and you clamp down on that individualism which is the essence of any state not purely despotic. These be platitudes, but they are also prophecies.

—Henry Seidel Canby, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

"SEEK AFTER PEACE"

By Marie Butler Coffey

ELIZABETHA SHANNON was in a quandary. She was tired of Broadway, and soon Broadway would tire of her. She realized that her dancing was only a vogue. It had been enchanting at first to read exaggerated accounts of her dark-haired, Irish beauty, her spectacular dancing, her ultra-smart clothes, her parties and escapades headlined in the newspapers. But, often of late she found herself harking back to her small-town childhood, her splendid parents and her uncle who was a priest. With such a background she felt that she was made of finer clay than the newspapers were so fond of portraying her.

There was a way out. She might marry Dalton Irvine. Most of the Broadway butterflies would have jumped at the chance of accepting Dalton with his wealth and good looks and his exciting, pleasure-seeking life. But all his attention had been devoted to Elizabetha since his divorce from the tobacco heiress.

"Come on, Betty, why hesitate?" he demanded, possessive hands on her shoulders, his darkly handsome smile caressing her. "You'll have country houses, town houses, blooded horses—anything your little heart desires."

Even to Betty who had no illusions about Dalton, it was a temptation. But her uneasy shrug attested to her uncertainty of mind. Mightn't it be just jumping from the frying pan into the fire? Dalton, who scoffed at all religion, including his own Jewish faith, would surely not be tolerant of hers. Not that she had been particularly faithful to her religion in the past two years. On the contrary. But something within her was struggling to recapture the Faith that had made her childhood and girlhood a time of peace and happiness unequalled by anything her Broadway dancing career had given her.

At the moment she and Dalton stood on the wide stone veranda of one of his country houses. A lovely old turreted castle overlooking the blue St. Lawrence. People milled about them. Laughing, screeching, raucously merry people with long-stemmed glasses in their hands. From another part of the house came the strident rantings of a jazz orchestra and the shuffle of feet—Dalton's usual background.

Elizabetha laughed and shook off his hands. "I'll have to have a few seconds to think it over, Dalt," she said. "I'm not so casual about marriage as you are."

"Let me announce our engagement now—to-night," said Dalton, who was accustomed to having his own impulsive, headstrong way.

"No," she persisted, "I'll have to think it over."

"I'll give you ten minutes then," he agreed indulgently. "But I think I know what the answer will be."

Left alone, Elizabetha immediately began retracing in her mind memories of a marriage where there had been no yachts, no servants, no wild parties or blooded horses. Only love, service, religion.

The influence of John and Mary Shannon had held their daughter—even through two hectic years on Broadway—to an ideal. The little white cottage on a small-town Main Street had had something to do with it. The little white church, with doves nesting in the belfry, perched on a small-town hilltop had also left its mark on her soul.

Standing alone in a dim corner of the wide veranda, her hot cheek pressed against a cold stone pillar, she recalled her mother's favorite quotation: "Turn away from evil and do good; seek after peace and pursue it." If only she could discover the gentle faith that had made Mary Shannon so happy and so lovable! It couldn't be found in this atmosphere of bacchanalian abandonment. Nor in Broadway's glaring spotlight. It might be found in some drowsy little hamlet tucked away in the hills.

If she could find such a place, untrammeled by the trappings of wealth that unquestionably influenced her here in this tempting environment, she might be able to make a wiser decision.

With a hasty glance around, she slipped down the steps and hurried away in the darkness to where her flashy little car was parked in the circular driveway. She jumped in and started it breathlessly. To be followed might mean to be persuaded. She was a little afraid of Dalton. He had a way of walking roughshod over people's decisions.

Two days later Elizabetha Shannon made the front pages again.

"Broadway Favorite Disappears" screamed the headlines. "Leaves a mysterious note about 'seeking after peace' to her playboy admirer, Dalton Irvine!"

At the very moment raucous-voiced newsboys were squawking her name on New York streets, Elizabetha slipped out of a train at an upstate village. The name on the small station was, mellifluously enough, Rose Valley. She had chosen it because it was a pretty name. A happy sounding name. And because it had been the tiniest imaginable dot on the map from which she had selected it.

The station agent squinted unbelievingly at the slim, beautiful young woman who stopped before his window.

"I'm looking for a small house to rent," she told him. "Do you know of one here in the village?"

"Well, no—well, yes, as a matter of fact," the man stammered, under the spell of the "million-dollar" smile that had taken New York by storm. "There's Perfessor Richards' place. He wants to rent. Say, why don't I call up the Perfessor and ask him to come down to see you?"

Elizabetha graciously agreed to wait for the "Perfessor," and thanked the station agent for his trouble.

"What name shall I say?" he asked.

She hesitated. Even in small towns people read the newspapers. She recalled her mother's favorite name for her and, almost without thinking, she blurted it out.

"Betty Lee," she said. "Miss Betty Lee."

There followed a long, detailed harangue over the telephone. Neither the professor nor the station agent were at all hurried, it appeared. "Miss Betty Lee" very patiently settled down on a hard wooden bench in the ugly, bare little waiting room.

When John Richards walked into

the drafty little station and smiled at her, Betty had an odd sensation of having come home after years of wandering. He was as young as she. For a moment she thought the professor had sent one of his tall handsome high school students for her. But his sober young dignity as he greeted her was instantly reassuring.

"Miss Lee?" he asked, removing his hat and holding out a friendly hand.

"Yes," said Betty. "I suppose this is Professor Richards?"

He nodded. And his sudden smile lighted his stern young face into boyishness. "Brooks telephoned you were looking for a house. Perhaps mine wouldn't be modern enough for you. I think it is pretty fine. It is the old homestead, you see."

"Oh!" Betty gasped. "Don't tell me it's full of lovely antiques, and that there's a porch with climbing roses, and an old-fashioned garden—"

"You've seen it!" he accused.

"No, really. I've merely dreamed it. And is it on a street lined with tall trees, and not too far away is there a little church with a belfry and doves?"

"Why, yes. A little Catholic church. Come let me show you."

There was a low-slung roadster at the curb and John Richards drove it with a dash and skill that bewitched Betty, who for some time had been accustomed to the obsequious carefulness of uniformed chauffeurs or the recklessness of cab drivers.

She loved the rambling old red-brick house, set far back from the shady street, at sight. It was a house with a definite personality. She liked John Richards' big gentle hand on the knob; his manner of throwing the door open with a hospitable flourish. Together they walked slowly through the quiet rooms. Somehow it seemed to Betty that they belonged there—together. What quirk of fate, she wondered, had directed her to this tiny unknown hamlet?

"I always come in with a sense of peace," John Richards was saying, "and the hope that I can come back some day to stay. You see Dad died a year ago. I've been living at Mrs. Marshall's on Main Street since."

"And your mother?" she asked.

His bushy brows beetled darkly. "I don't remember much about her. She—I may as well tell you the story. You'll hear it anyway. She was young, beautiful and—stage-struck. When I was four she ran away with an actor. She was very young and impressionable, you understand. The fellow enticed her with his big talk. She was just a kid. And proud. Too proud to return when she saw her mistake. It killed something in Dad, but he tried to live for me—the greatest pal a boy ever had!"

"She never came back?" Betty asked.

"Yes. She lies up there on the hill—beside Dad. That hastened his—going. Do you wonder," he added fiercely, "that I hate actors, actresses—the whole cheap lot of them? If one of them ever crosses my path—" he doubled his big fists meaningly.

Betty gasped.

"But surely you can't blame all stage people just because—"

"They're all alike. Cheap, low, artificial. I despise them."

Betty's fingers, fondling an old blue vase, trembled.

"You'll have to excuse my vehe-

mence, Miss Lee," he apologized a moment later as he led the way into a shiningly clean kitchen, "I guess I'm slightly hipped on that one subject. Please don't think I'm a complete sap."

"Of course not, Mr. Richards." Betty favored him with her loveliest smile.

"And now let's talk about you. Won't you tell me why you're giving Rose Valley a break by coming here to live?"

Betty realized that there was more than a mere friendly, half-humorous interest in his question. The old Richards' home must not be desecrated by some one unworthy of its lovely old traditions. Only one blot on its aged escutcheon, and the inherent honesty of its last descendant had forced him to blurt out to her the story of his mother's fall from grace. She might hear it a hundred times from other old inhabitants, but never in the tender, forgiving words of Nellie Richards' son. While he blamed the "lure" of the stage and the honeyed deception of the visiting actor for his mother's disgrace, less charitable people would point out the woman's weakness. But John Richards' charity, he had intimated, might not extend outside his family circle. So Betty made her own story brief.

"Nothing interesting to tell," she laughed. "Small-town girl. The usual thing. High school. Normal school. Teaching kindergarten for a year. Then, out of a clear sky—tragedy. Two years ago I lost both parents in an automobile wreck." She shuddered. "I had to get away from Middletown."

"I'm sorry," said John Richards gently.

With an effort Betty shook off the despair that still bowed her down at every thought of that tragedy.

"This kitchen," she said, her voice still shaking a little, "needs only a kitten on the rug there, and a canary singing in the sunniest window. I guess, if you don't mind, I'll take your little house."

"Fine. I couldn't have asked for a more charming tenant."

She was to learn that the rather stern young high school principal could say things like that with a sincerity that robbed them of any suggestion of the flattery to which she had become accustomed.

Betty immediately settled down into a life that was infinitely satisfying. She knew she was living in a fool's paradise. Any day it might end. Some day she would have to make a decision. Dalton would find her and demand one. But meantime she was satisfied just to drift along. John Richards came every day. Ostensibly to talk over possible repairs and improvements about the house. In reality, she knew, because he found her as irresistible as she found him. She caught herself often dreaming of him through the spring days.

Once or twice she experienced a moment of panic when she thought some one recognized her. The day, for instance, when John Richards coming past the house on a field trip with his botany class, called to where she sat reading behind a screen of climbing ivy on the front porch.

"Like to go along, Miss Lee?"

Betty laid aside her book and eagerly joined the jolly group. She listened, spellbound, to John's lecture out in a patch of cool green woods with a waterfall's silver tinkling near by.

"You make study an adventure

and a delight," she told him later, with shining eyes, as they strolled along behind the chattering students.

"But that's exactly what it is. Particularly botany. Nature. The most fascinating thing in the world is to try to discover what it's all about. Life, I mean. We'll never know the whole story, perhaps, but we can watch and wonder and learn a little here and there."

"I know. It's marvelous. I'd like to learn more about it, too."

"I'd like to teach you."

There was that something in John Richards' eyes and voice that made Betty's pulses leap. Something that was part of the wonder and mystery of life of which he spoke. Part of a dream unfolding, perhaps.

And then, like a gust of wind shattering her shining bubble, came the girlish voice at her elbow.

"Do you know whom you look like, Miss Lee?"

Betty looked down into the young face of one of John's students.

"You look exactly like a picture of Elizabetha Shannon, the show girl," said the youngster. "I saw in the paper the other day that Dalton Irvine, her *fiancé*, is scouring the country in search of her."

John frowned.

"Show girl!" His quick reaction was like the flick of a whip.

He turned to stare at Betty.

She was grateful for the acting ability that concealed the panic behind her amused smile. She threw a careless arm about the school girl's shoulders and gave her a quick hug.

"Flatterer!" she laughed. "Now, don't tell me you're a romantic little thing who has been seeing too many movies?"

"Scat!" grinned John, instantly reassured. "Get along with you, Joan. You and your show girl!"

Joan flashed ahead with the others but, over a slim shoulder, she threw Betty a long searching look that was vaguely disquieting.

"Where, will you tell me, do the kids get their notions?" said John, taking Betty's arm to help her with old-fashioned courtesy across a little gully.

It was very evident that he never bothered to read such unimportant items as a show girl's disappearance in the daily news.

Spring disappeared over the green hills with a last wave of a blossomed branch and June ushered in the loveliest season of the year. Betty awoke each morning to see the sun bursting in at her windows while the birds caroled a roundelay in the tall maples. She was happier than she had been in years as she performed the gentle tasks of a housewife, and walked down the shady street to do her simple marketing. There were more field trips. Golf at the country club. Meetings of the Catholic Daughters.

Sunday was Betty's favorite day. In the morning John always stopped to take her to Mass at St. Patrick's, where they both sang in the choir. Then a long motor trip to some spot of historical interest or unusual beauty. Sometimes they packed a hamper and went on a picnic with other young people.

Late June came, and with it the long summer vacation for John.

"We'll simply have to celebrate," he announced one blue and gold Sunday morning on their way home from church. "What do you say to a day on the water? There's an excursion down the lake to-day. Starts at ten-thirty. We've just about time to make it."

"I'd love it," Betty agreed with shining eyes.

It was the perfect day that comes at least once in a lifetime. The sun shone all day long and a gentle breeze whipped little white caps on the crest of every blue wave. They sat in deck chairs watching the amusing antics of the younger crowd. Or they stood at the rail and looked at the sky and the water and each other. The excursion boat stopped for luncheon at a quaint little tavern perched high on a cliff. Life and youth and laughter bubbled like a wine glass full of champagne all about them. And on the way home in the quiet dusk came the moment Betty had desired yet dreaded.

They stood at the boat's rail watching the moon trace a path of gold on the water. John reached for her hand lying close to his.

"Betty, you know what I want to say. It's been in my mind since the first time I saw you in my house—our house if you'll say the word."

Betty gasped at the unexpectedness of it.

To deceive a man like John Richards was unthinkable. And yet he would despise her if he knew who she was; what she had been. She wondered, guiltily, if the advice of the Gospel: "Seek after peace and pursue it" wouldn't justify her in one small deception. Nobody would guess that this slim, quiet girl in her simple white had once been the toast of Broadway.

If ever she should run across any of the old crowd she would have the protection of John Richards' name. Mrs. John Richards of Rose Valley. Somehow, at this moment, Elizabetha Shannon of Broadway and Dalton Irvine with his turreted castle and his racy cars and carelessly tossed bank notes seemed very far away and unreal.

"Yes, John, I know what you mean," she said at last. "It's the dearest dream of my life, too."

Betty felt very safe and happy that night as the excursion boat glided homeward. She had found the peace that for two hectic years she had chased so madly. In the simple environs of quiet little Rose Valley she and John would "live life more abundantly." They would be another John and Mary Shannon.

Their plans for a September wedding were complete by the time John drove his little car into her driveway.

He walked with her to the porch.

"It's been a perfect day," she said.

"Perfect," he repeated. "After September every day will be perfect."

A man, who apparently had been waiting for them, stepped down from the porch. Betty instinctively shivered and clutched John's arm.

"I beg your pardon," began the stranger, "but is this where Miss Elizabetha Shannon—why, Betty!"

"Dalton!"

Betty went limp all over for a moment. What wretched luck! With peace and happiness almost within her grasp, to have this ghost of her past rise up and confront her.

"How did you get here?" she demanded, half-angry, half-despairing. "How did you know where to —to—"

"To find you? It was just too simple. A whole army of detectives fell down on the job, but a little schoolgirl named Joan, a romantic child no end, wrote me a letter a few days back and—here I am! You know I warned you, you rascal,

that you couldn't get away from me."

"What *is* all this?" John demanded stiffly.

Betty stammered introductions.

"Did I hear this gentleman call you Elizabetha Shannon?" John shot at her after a brief handshake with Dalton.

She nodded.

"Then you are Joan's show girl!"

She shrank from the scorn in his eyes.

"And this man, I suppose, is your *fiancé*. What does that make me?"

"John, if you'll just let me explain," she pleaded.

But John had turned on his heel and was walking briskly back to his car.

Her clear voice followed him. "This man is not my *fiancé*, as it happens. I'm not quite so contemptible. But it wouldn't mean anything to you in your smugness that I voluntarily left the life he represents and came out here to seek peace and wholesomeness and sweetness. I thought I'd found them in you. I don't wonder your mother never dared come back—here—"

Betty choked on a sob and John turned to her quickly. But when he saw Dalton Irvine step forward with a protective gesture, he jumped into his car and backed it with an angry roar out into the street.

"You've ruined everything, Dalt," she walled. "It was so utterly useless—your coming here."

"Why was it useless? You're not turning me down for that quitter, are you?" he protested. "The smug holier-than-thou!"

"Dalton, you don't understand."

"You're just dramatizing yourself, Betty. You don't really care for that chap. You couldn't live in this jerk-water town. Not after New York. Come back home and marry me. We'll travel all over the world. Have a party every night. Your gowns and jewels will be the talk of New York—of the world!"

Once years ago, as a child, she had heard her adored uncle, Father Gerald Shannon, adjure his congregation in stentorian tones: "Beware of false prophets!" He might have been preparing her for this moment.

"Oh, please go away and leave me alone," she pleaded wearily.

Without a word the affronted young man who had never in his pampered young life been spoken to in quite that manner, turned on his heel and walked away.

Instantly Betty regretted her precipitancy. Dalton had always treated her with the utmost kindness and indulgence. He was at least human. She couldn't imagine him setting himself up as an arbiter of her actions. Dalton didn't despise stage people. He didn't despise anybody. He was weak, perhaps, reckless, dissipated, faithless, continually scoffing at virtue, but he was *human*.

"Why," Betty demanded of the kitten who scrambled up into her lap as she dropped down on the lowest step, "Why should I give up the wealth and position and the gayety Dalton could offer me for a silly ideal? Ideals are cold things at best. And love! I thought love was big and wise and forgiving and comforting. But I was wrong. I'm going back to New York with Dalton. I'll get him to wait for the midnight train."

She picked up the kitten and started swiftly down the street. The warm little thing clung to her

shoulder, purring gently. The soft fur against her cheek was strangely comforting. From somewhere far down the tracks the whistle of the express shrieked and she started to run. She could hear the gentle reverberations of the rails as she came, breathless, within sight of the station.

Dalton was standing on the platform waiting for the incoming train. He looked very nonchalant as he twirled his cane, his lips pursed as if he were whistling, a half smile on his face. He had gambled and lost as he had a hundred times before. Those things never went deep enough with Dalton to really matter.

Betty stood very still and watched the train roll into the station. Except for that awful day two years ago, she had never felt so utterly alone in her life. John had deserted her when she most needed him. To Dalton she was just a gamble. A bet he had lost. The engine stopped with a whine and a shriek that tore at her quivering nerves like the laughter of demons. Tears of sheer loneliness blurred her vision as Dalton swung blithely up the train steps and disappeared within the brightly lighted interior. She made no effort to detain him.

As the train pulled out, Betty turned away blindly and walked straight into John Richards' waiting arms.

"I couldn't spoil your perfect day, Betty. I know you meant what you said back there. It was true, too, about M o t h e r — coming home—"

Betty leaned wearily against him. "I know all this has been a shock to you, John. I should have told you the truth in the first place. But I couldn't—knowing how you felt. You see, after my parents' tragedy I went off the deep end for a while. I wanted excitement. A different environment. Forgetfulness."

"Yes, dear, I know. I've figured that out in the last half hour. But I wanted you to make your choice. That's why I didn't come to you until Irvine had gone. And now shall I take you home? You and your kitten!"

He laughed at her and shook her playfully. And suddenly she, too, like Life, was smiling—through her tears.

CATHOLIC ENGLAND UNDER KING GEORGE V.

By Denis Gwynn

BOTH the accession and the death of King George V. will always be regarded as milestones in the story of the Catholic revival in England. The twenty-six years of his reign cover a period which may well be considered as a distinct phase in English Catholic history. His reign coincided very closely with the rule of Cardinal Bourne as Archbishop of Westminster and head of the English hierarchy. The Cardinal came to Westminster from Southwark in 1903, being even then the youngest of the English bishops. The King, who was only a few years his junior, came to the throne in 1910. They both had to face very similar problems, in the political turmoil of the pre-War years, in the immense upheaval of the Great War itself, and in the years of dislocation and disillusionment and hard-fought reconstruction that followed it. The Cardinal died in the first week of 1935, and the King died at the beginning of 1936.

A story still persists that the King's father, Edward VII., became a Catholic secretly on his deathbed, in the last few days when several of his Catholic friends had seen him, and when—according to the story—the Catholic priest from a little church near Buckingham Palace was summoned before he died. The evidence to support the story is very slight, and few people can seriously believe it. But it is undeniable that King Edward VII. had a great number of Catholic friends, and that his constant travels in Europe gave him a keen sympathy with Catholic traditions, and a real repugnance towards the old prejudice against the Catholic Church which survived to the end of Queen Victoria's reign. It is a matter of history that when he was faced with the coronation ceremonies after Queen Victoria's death, he definitely wished to be relieved of having to take the prescribed declaration before Parliament, which included an open affront to the religion of his Catholic subjects.

By an ancient privilege which has somehow survived through the centuries of anti-Catholic persecution, the Duke of Norfolk—whose family never abandoned the Catholic faith—has always retained the official position of Hereditary Earl Marshal of England. As such, the Duke of Norfolk has to take charge of all the official ceremonies connected with the death or the accession of an English King; and in the recent ceremonies of burying King George V. and proclaiming the new King, the present Duke of Norfolk has exercised those functions again. The present Duke's father was an extremely devout Catholic, with a deep sense of his responsibilities as the leading Catholic layman in England. He was a personal friend of King Edward VII., and he headed the efforts of the Catholic laity, in support of the Catholic bishops, in attempting to secure a modification of the anti-Catholic declaration which Queen Victoria's successor was required by law to take. But legal advice showed that the King could not fulfill his part in the Con-

stitution without taking it, and that Parliament could not meet to discuss the matter before he met them on their first assembly in the new reign. Reluctantly, therefore, King Edward was obliged to make the formal declaration (it is said that he deliberately mumbled the words) that the invocation of Our Lady and of any other Saint, and that the Mass itself, were "superstitious and idolatrous." But before King George V. came to the throne special legislation had been passed to remove the obnoxious formula, and instead King George was required only to declare himself to be a "faithful Protestant." The same declaration is still required of his successor, the new King Edward VIII., and will presumably have to be taken by him at his coronation next year. Opinion differs as to how much the declaration involves, and eminent lawyers argue even now that there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent a King of England from afterwards ceasing to be a Protestant, and even becoming a Catholic, provided that he declared himself to be a faithful Protestant at the time of his accession.

These details, however, are of minor importance. For students of Catholic history, the reign of George V. is notable for the very great increase of Catholic influence in England during that time, and for the remarkable consolidation achieved by the Catholic revival. Several incidents, for instance, concerning the King's funeral were significant of the changes that had occurred. At Windsor, when the long procession brought the King to his last resting-place, the streets were lined by various contingents, among them being the Officers' Training Corps of the Jesuit College of Beaumont nearby. Thirty years ago it would have been inconceivable that a Catholic school should be accorded such an honor. And when the new King was proclaimed in London, the proclamation document was signed by a mixed collection of princes, peers, privy councilors and others—among them being various famous Catholics. The Duke of Norfolk was high in the list, as usual, as Earl Marshal of England. But near his signature was that of Lord Granard, one of the chief Court officials as Master of the Horse. And among the others were Lord Howard of Penrith (who is better known as Sir Esmé Howard, late Ambassador to Washington), Lord Tyrrell, a former Head of the Foreign Office and ex-Ambassador to Paris; and Lord Justice Greene, an eminent Catholic lawyer who was one of the last persons to be appointed to the Privy Council before King George died.

As King, George V. exercised very little real power or even direct influence on public affairs; for the English King nowadays is no more than a figurehead who has no practical influence whatever except in so far as he commands it by personal character and achievement. But King George exercised an extraordinary personal influence which grew with the years. His integrity and judgment, combined with his long record of devoted public service, won the confidence of all classes and inspired a real respect for his personal standards of conduct. Those whom he honored with his friendship or his trust gained a special esteem through their association with him. And the fact that he had many Catholics among his personal entourage, and that he regarded the Catholic

Church with real respect and admiration, contributed largely to increasing Catholic influence in modern England.

It was appropriate, therefore, although the King himself had no personal connection with these events, that his reign should have included two developments of outstanding importance. The first was the full restoration of the Hierarchy in England in 1911, which completed the great work done in 1850, when Pius IX. superseded the Vicars Apostolic who then governed the Church in a number of districts by creating a new Catholic hierarchy, with territorial sees, under the headship of Cardinal Wiseman as the first Archbishop of Westminster. In the following sixty years the number of territorial sees in England was increased by subdividing several of the more thickly populated dioceses, but the appointment of new bishops still rested with the College of Propaganda in Rome. In 1911 a great advance was made, when the appointment of bishops was transferred to the Pope himself, and England was given three metropolitan provinces, with Archbishops in Liverpool and Birmingham as well as London. That change had been affected before the Great War broke out in 1914, producing many transformations in English life. The Catholic Church gained immensely in prestige and influence during the War years. Westminster Cathedral, for instance, which had seemed preposterously large when it was built at the end of Queen Victoria's reign, had become one of the great religious centers in London. The close relations with France, Belgium, Italy and other countries during the War years gave rise to many public ceremonies in the Cathedral which were attended by representatives of the government, of the army and navy, and of the King. The Catholic chaplains of the fighting forces were so numerous that an Army Bishop was appointed, with an official status at the War Office; and his successor to-day is Bishop-in-Ordinary to the Air Force as well as the Army and Navy.

These developments were only symptomatic of the growing strength of the Church in England, which was reflected, soon after the War ended, in the Catholic Relief Act of 1926. That Act completed the liberation of Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland from the restrictions and penalties imposed during the centuries of persecution. The most oppressive laws had been repealed in England and Ireland by a series of enactments passed at the end of the eighteenth century; and in 1829 Daniel O'Connell's bold leadership and organizing powers had secured the admission of Catholics to Parliament. But a large number of old statutes still remained, though many of them had long ceased to be enforced. It was still illegal, for instance, for a Catholic Church to have a bell, or for members of religious orders to wear their religious dress in public, or for Catholic processions to appear in the streets. Other enactments, more technical but more obstructive, interfered with the rights of the Church in receiving legacies or holding certain forms of property. To remove them all, and to establish definitely the equal rights of Catholics with other citizens, the Catholic Relief Bill was promoted by Captain Blundell, with the assistance of Lord FitzAlan, and with the

cordial and active coöperation of certain non-Catholic members of Parliament. At the last moment, in order to secure the passage of the Bill, it was necessary to waive the claim that in future the Lord Chancellor might be a Catholic—because it was contended that he holds a position which concerns intimately the Protestant succession to the throne. But with this exception, the Bill was carried triumphantly and with scarcely any opposition.

Progress in these respects was so remarkable in King George's reign that it is disconcerting to find how slow has been the advance in other directions. The Church itself, in its outward signs, has grown with most remarkable rapidity. Every year shows a continual increase in the number of churches and chapels, of priests, both secular and regular, and of religious communities of both sexes. The scale of building has grown, in some cases enormously. Downside Abbey, for instance, which was raised to the rank of a basilica last year when the abbey church was consecrated, is more like a small town than an ordinary monastic building. The Abbey at Buckfast which the monks have been building with their own hands for the past forty years or so, is already as large and as magnificent as the great abbeys of the Middle Ages. And the new cathedral in Liverpool is to be the largest cathedral in the world, second only to St. Peter's in Rome, and about four times as large as the vast Protestant cathedral of St. Paul's, which Sir Christopher Wren designed to dominate the city of London.

Even the number of Catholic elementary schools continues to increase every year, although the entire funds have to be raised by the local congregations, and the cost of building increases appallingly under the new regulations which insist upon smaller classes and more recreation room, and a very high standard of ventilation and general spaciousness. Most rapid of all, perhaps, has been the growth of Catholic secondary schools. This development reflects the steady growth of the Catholic middle class, resulting from the improved prosperity of later generations since the Irish Catholic immigration of ninety years ago, during the great Irish famine and in the decades which followed it. The general character of the Catholic population in England has indeed changed very notably. A hundred years ago it amounted to less than half a million, of whom the majority—even then—were poor immigrant laborers from Ireland and from other Catholic countries, who settled and remained chiefly in the great shipping and mining districts. There was a distinct increase also, through individual conversions to the Church, about the time of the Oxford Movement in the forties. But the whole picture changed when the Irish famine of 1845-47 drove hundreds of thousands of starving Irish refugees to seek employment and escape from death in England and in America. Within ten years the Catholic population of England had in this way been increased to some two millions; and the influx of Irish Catholic laborers continued for years afterwards. They arrived in utter destitution and they found employment in great numbers in the docks at the great shipping centers—Liverpool, Cardiff, Portsmouth, London, Newcastle—when the British mercantile fleet was expanding rapidly; and in the grimy

manufacturing cities of the north where factories were multiplying around the mines, and a long period of expanding prosperity offered employment to an almost unlimited supply of labor which was glad to accept any wage.

These conditions endured for years and the Irish colonies in these industrial and shipping cities have remained concentrated there ever since; multiplying as their large families grew, but generally remaining in the same part of the country. It was years before any substantial improvement in their economic and social conditions took place. The long battle of the trade unions—in which they played an important part both among the rank and file and among the leaders—had first to be fought and won. And Cardinal Manning, as an English radical whose chief care was for the downtrodden, declared only a few years before his death in 1891 that his flock was still eighty per cent Irish, and that he had "a few rich families and some two million poor."

Nearly fifty years have passed since Manning wrote that revealing phrase; and it is disconcerting to find that the Catholic population of England and Wales is even now below 2,400,000. Even when Manning wrote it, in the eighteen-eighties, the round figure which he gave suggested that the Catholic population had somehow failed to increase in a normal ratio. His total was very little larger than that which is generally accepted as correct for almost any year in the previous three decades. There had been no appreciable return homewards of the Catholic immigrants who arrived in the late eighteen-forties and the fifties. On the contrary, the influx of Catholic immigrants had continued steadily, though at a declining rate; and among the Catholic working classes in the industrial cities large families were still the rule. Natural increase of population would have raised the total to a much higher figure if "leakage" had not reduced the number of practicing Catholics as fast as the increase through the creation of Catholic families.

Still more discouraging is the absence of any rapid total increase as a result of conversions to the Church. The statistics in this respect are remarkably accurate, whereas the estimates of total Catholic population in every parish are largely a matter of guesswork. The annual Catholic Directory publishes every year an exact number of the converts received in every diocese, and these figures represent the actual receptions registered by the clergy in each parish. For some reason which remains a mystery, the yearly total of converts has remained almost constant for years past at just about 12,000. Nobody can say why it is not, say, 10,000 one year and 15,000 another year. In fact the yearly total varies extremely little, round about 12,000. Compute the total of these conversions within the past fifty years, and there should have been a definite increase of some 600,000 Catholics, in addition to the normal increase by excess of births over deaths. Indeed, the increase through conversions in the past hundred years should be at least a million—and the total should even be larger, because in so many instances a convert father or mother has been able to bring up all the children of a mixed marriage as Catholics. It is no exaggeration to

say that, as the Catholic population of England had risen to two millions eighty years ago through immigration from Ireland and elsewhere, natural increase alone should have produced a Catholic population of at least three millions by now, and the result of individual conversions should have added a million more. The total to-day should be some four millions instead of less than two and a half millions, and the ratio to the whole population of England should be about one in twelve instead of one in twenty.

Every student of the Oxford Movement will remember the extraordinary hopes which Wiseman and his friends had of the wholesale conversion of England to the Catholic Church some ninety years ago. The effect of Newman's influence in the Church of England was so great, before he became a Catholic, that some earnest converts like Ambrose Phillips de Lisle were even urging at Rome that all attempts to secure individual conversions should be suspended, because the influence of the Tractarian Movement was rapidly leading the whole Church of England towards an inevitable surrender to Rome. At the same time the individual conversions had been so numerous that the whole governing class (which in those days controlled public opinion and influenced religious belief far more than it does nowadays) was affected by this strange new attraction towards Rome. Many of the greatest noblemen and landowners—like the Marquis of Bute or the Earl of Denbigh—had already become Catholics, besides a great number of others distinguished in every phase of public life. But these hopes of a wholesale conversion of England had almost vanished before Wiseman's death in 1865; and even Manning, with his extraordinary power of making converts all over the country, and particularly among men and women of real intellectual distinction, could do no more than continue the long process which had begun before Wiseman became Archbishop of Westminster.

That same process continues in our own time. Among writers and intellectual people particularly, conversions to the Church have been surprisingly numerous; and the publicity given to their conversions has undoubtedly enhanced the prestige of the Church among the mass of the people. But one change has been very remarkable in the past twenty or thirty years. Conversions from the High Church party of the Church of England are no longer the chief feature of the trend towards Rome. The converts from Anglo-Catholicism are in fact only a fraction of the annual influx to the Church. The Nonconformist Churches, which are shrinking everywhere as a result of their many divisions, probably provide Rome with more converts every year than does the Church of England; and the greatest proportion comes from the classes which have lost all definite belief. On all sides they look to the Catholic Church as the only Church which appears to them to have preserved a clear and unchanging creed, which they recognize as being as fresh and as vital in the modern world as it was in the similar conditions of the Roman Empire when Christianity first appeared.

These results are to be seen most clearly in the many small parishes which have been formed around little modern churches all over Eng-

land, especially in the small towns and in the suburbs of the great cities. An English Archbishop said to me not long ago that he believed that at least half the churches in England to-day had been built, either entirely or in large part, through the help of some rich convert to the Church. And if one inquires about the local congregations in such small churches, one finds again and again that they include a remarkably large proportion—frequently as much as one-half—of converts, drawn from every class. Some are manual laborers, some are well-to-do; and the causes which led to their conversions are extremely various. Usually there has been some member of the family, or some close friend, or even a casual acquaintance, who became a Catholic, and others have then become curious to know why, and have thus found their way into the Church.

Largely as a result of such conversions, the work of church building has developed with surprising rapidity in the past fifty years. There are to-day some 2,400 churches and chapels in England and Wales, compared with some 1,100 fifty years ago, and over 5,000 clergy compared with some 2,200. The expansion has consisted chiefly in opening up new districts—often in places where Mass had not been previously said since the Reformation. If the same rate of growth applied to the great cities, the prospects of a complete conversion of modern England would be very favorable indeed. But the fact must be faced—and I am told that a similar problem exists in the United States—that "leakage" in the cities, where the bulk of the Catholic population is centered, counteracts to a very large extent the gains made in new districts.

In England the distribution of Catholic population still reflects very closely the sudden early expansion of the Catholic revival as a result of rapid immigration. Each of the four metropolitan provinces contains its special centers of Catholic population. More than half of all the Catholics in England still live in the Northern province, congregated in the great industrial and shipping centers around Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle. Of the remaining million, more than half live within the jurisdiction of Westminster, and the great majority are in London. The remainder, in the Midland province under Birmingham, are chiefly concentrated in the industrial cities of Birmingham and Staffordshire. All Wales has little more than 110,000 Catholics, and of these about 100,000 are congregated in the industrial and shipping centers surrounding Cardiff and Swansea.

It is in these centers—with all the difficulty of maintaining contact with a teeming population, and with all the inducements to young people to follow the example of their friends and neighbors in rejecting the discipline and the traditions of religious life—that "leakage" presents the most serious problem of the Catholic revival. The bishops have for years insisted upon the necessity of providing Catholic schools for Catholic children, and the response to their appeal for funds and for coöperation has been truly heroic. But a great proportion of Catholic children still go to non-Catholic schools, and grow up with the almost complete ignorance of religious teaching which is common to most of the new generation

in England. Even among those who have been taught in Catholic schools the proportion who lose touch with the Church is high. Nevertheless, the present position is incomparably more encouraging than it was in Wiseman's day, when neither churches nor clergy nor schools had yet been provided, or even in Manning's time when every effort had to be concentrated on building churches and schools. That task is now virtually accomplished so far as the cities are concerned; and in the past thirty years immense progress has been made in opening new centers all over the country.

That work of consolidation and steady development has been the chief feature of the past thirty years; and the steady improvement of economic conditions throughout the late King's reign has made a vast difference in material prosperity and in education to the Catholic masses. In the meantime, the Catholic Church in England has not only emerged completely from the catacombs, it has won the respect and admiration of ordinary people in England who nowadays have very little knowledge of any Church, and it has attained a very real corporate influence in the life of the country. The main problem of future years will be to prevent the steady diminution of Catholic forces through neglect or indifference, and to continue the present rate of progress in districts where the Faith has still to penetrate.

ON NIGHT-OWLS

By Eleanor Downing

BOLDLY I acclaim myself a member of the Ancient and Unregenerate Order of Night-Owls. While others are wrapped in restorative slumbers, recuperating sanely for to-morrow's struggle, I squander blithely the riches of health, wealth, and wisdom which the cautious are laying up for themselves in the coffers of common sense. To-morrow they will be alert, vigorous, good-humored; curls and complexions in place, eyes unclouded by the film of drowsiness; while I—loose ends flying and lip-stick forgotten—shall nod over my morning newspaper, goad myself into spurious activity, and, over the professorial desk, snap at the miscreant Freshman who apologetically proffers a late theme.

In both the archaic and the current connotation of the term, I "admire" those who can go to bed when the clock commands. They are to me—like the radio, the banking system, and baseball—one of the insoluble mysteries of life; one of the permanent reminders that my brain lacks certain kinks which enable others to exclaim smugly, in the face of my abject idiocy, "But can't you see? . . . It's so simple!" No, frankly, I can't. Regarding sound-waves, home-runs, and the Federal Reserve System gleams of understanding do occasionally penetrate the murk of my mental confusion; but never for a moment can I understand the prudence that puts itself to bed when it ought, and snores through the entrancing hours from ten to two. I give such persons my unmitigated and envious approval; but I cannot emulate them by surrendering those priceless hours when taxis and radios are hushed (more or less), when electric lights burn brighter, and in radiant quiet, I possess my soul in peace. This is my hour: the hour when my mind leaps to activity, my fingers tingle for the pen; when memory knocks and the past revisits me; when life as yet unlived leads me down its perilous but blissful paths.

Perhaps the devotees of wisdom escaped my tragic infantile experience. It was my lot to have had, in early childhood, a vigilant mother and a relentless nurse who saw to it that I was a-bed by five. Great was my solemn exhilaration when, on my sixth birthday—having entertained six little girls and eaten, surreptitiously, after the party, the six inedible roses discarded from the birthday cake—I was first allowed to sit up until six oclock. Not even the undigested roses marred my proud sense of grown-up dignity.

Oh, those endless night-hours, when I lay listening hungrily to the hum of voices in the library below; to the clock chiming on the landing; to the lilac shivering against the window-pane; when I would call out to my nurse, crocheting a rainbow shawl under the gaslight in the hall, "Is the pink stripe done yet? When do you start the tiny green one?" True, there were compensations. Victim as I was of Dr. Cadwallader's *How to Rear Your*

Child, I still managed to slip the bonds of maternal solicitude and tucked-in eiderdown. "Fancy never is at home": light-foot and eager, mine tripped the paths of faërie and of infantile fantasy. How Cinderella spent the ever-after period, or how Little-Red-Riding-Hood could ever have been so stupid,—these were problems that needed settling. Less momentous were these, however, than the question of names for my three prospective sets of twins (I had not envisaged the possibility of quintuplets), or than the improvised and continued adventures of Clara Montmorency, who did all the things that I was inhibited from doing — played in mud-puddles, wore her hair straight, lived on a diet of cake and ice cream—but who, in her spare time, saved babies from onrushing fire-engines, signaled with a red petticoat trains about to plunge off shattered bridges, and dispensed French dolls and lace dresses to slum children whom Santa Claus had overlooked.

Yet, despite the pleasures of the imagination, the darkness often gripped me; the clock's tattoo teased my ears; even the friendly stars, where dwelt the dead babies unbaptized and the souls of all good kittens and puppies who had met untimely ends, even these twinkled at me naughtily. "Nobody," they mocked, "puts us to bed at night." Throughout the years of indiscretion, consequently, I have steadily canceled my debt of wasted hours, and built up a night-life of protracted and satisfying activity.

"What do you do with yourself?" asks an inquisitive friend, who is so sleepy after ten that she "simply can't keep her eyes open." "Do you just read and read?"

Reading contributes its share to the midnight program; but the technique of "night-owling" is complex and exacting in its demands. About midnight I rise from my desk or easy-chair, where, after an arduous day being led whither I would not, I have been doing, for a glorious two hours, what I would. I look at the clock and announce, "Well, I think I'll cuddle in. I've a big day ahead, and was up late last night."

"Yes," comes the ironic response from the next room, "and the night before that, and the night before that, and—"

"Stop, or I'll drop with dizziness," I protest: "besides, I'm reforming."

"Those words," comes the discouraging rejoinder, "have a familiar, first-of-January sound."

"Well, watch me this time!" I exclaim, with incurable optimism.

I proceed to the front door, slip on the chain and turn the bolt; open the living-room window, and place the flowers on the window-sill. Beside these I range three vases and a bust of Dante, so that anyone making unlawful entry via the fire-escape may duly announce his advent. Then I remember, to my consternation, that I haven't said my rosary, my novena for a friend trembling on the edge of conversion, or the Thirty Days' Prayer, which I started in 1929 and which I'm now afraid to stop, lest dividends drop still lower. So I proceed to my bedroom, bent on "deliberate speed."

Once on my knees, however, I become a focal point, a sort of human honey-pot for all unemployed distractions. They buzz about me as thick as, though less seductive than, the temptations of St. Anthony. At the end of every decade, I pull myself up sharply with "This

won't do." But before the next *Pater*, my mind has cavorted from Bethlehem to that advertisement I saw yesterday of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; has paused to consider the comparative cost of such a trip with that of a summer,—say, in England; and has finally come to rest on the Cherwell, lapping greenly its flower-enameled banks. How much, I reflect, I should like to be in Oxford at the moment, punting lazily toward Parson's Pleasure, or demolishing cream buns at the Cadena. The fact that it is now five-thirty, A. M., in Oxford, with morning tea not yet on the horizon, has escaped my attention. But, suddenly, I become aware that it is twelve-thirty here.

The prayers are finished—if they were prayers—and I resolutely turn down the blue satin bed quilt that Mother gave me last Christmas. Peter, the cat, who has been playing with the cord of my dressing-gown while I prayed, and has become aware of my disastrous intention, utters a forlorn wail.

"No, Peterkin," I pronounce decisively, "you can't have a midnight supper to-night. The kitchen is dark, and I'm going to bed."

Peter, a subtle interpreter of vocal nuances, looks at me with reproachful amber eyes, and thumps his black velvet tail indignantly. He rises, with hauteur, and walks toward my armchair.

"You don't really want anything to eat, do you?" I plead forlornly.

"Meow," he exclaims joyously, detecting a note of weakness in my voice. I capitulate, and Peter, tail erect, precedes me to the kitchen.

As I open the door of the frigidaire, I realize that I, too, am hungry. While Peter purrs his delight with a world that provides liver at midnight, I make myself a cup of coffee (for I am so tired that nothing, I persuade myself, will keep me awake), and prepare a jelly sandwich.

Back again in my room, I decide that I am not so tired, after all, and that it would be better to lay out clean clothes, put my top bureau drawer in order, and arrange my brief-case. In the latter I find three unopened letters, snatched from the hall table at 8:40 A. M., to be read in class intervals: those false oases of leisure, when students stand three rows deep, asking how Shelley's hallucinations differed from Blake's visions; how an impending "D" for the course can be raised to "B"—Would "A" be out of the question?—or why incomplete sentences may not be indulged in, since the best authors use them. Slitting one envelope with my nail-file, I find a rejection slip and a crumpled poem, which I shall have to retype. "Do editors trample on their manuscripts or chew them?" I ask indignantly. Another letter begs me to renew my subscription to a magazine which, I am made to feel, will go on the rocks if my valued support is withdrawn. I note vaguely, for I am too weary to be vindictive, that the editor who pleads for my subscription is the same who has returned my poem with a yellow slip. Reluctantly, I make out a check for $3.00, which I really can't afford. The third letter is from Mildred. She is sailing on the *Conte di Savoia*, to spend the winter in Rome: Rome, think of it! Miriam is going with her,—as her guest, I surmise. Why couldn't she have invited me? It must be nice to have an income of $10,000 a year, like Mildred. But, as I calculate rapidly how far $10,000 would stretch, I

decide that it would, after all, be inadequate. Sitting on the edge of the bed, dangling a stocking, I ask myself what I should do if a non-existent, rich uncle should leave me a legacy of $1,000,000. Wisely, in the next quarter of an hour, I invest and distribute that amount. But somehow, when I have applied the money to all appropriate purposes —to help destitute friends, struggling students, stray cats and dogs, benighted pagans, there isn't enough left to buy myself the idyllic English cottage for which my heart longs. It seems like an unprofitable fortune to risk incurring for one's self the camel's uncomfortable predicament. Besides, I have discovered an appalling run in my stocking; one of my new ones, too, and the kind that will keep on performing a Marathon, if not immediately discouraged. So I set to work, sleepily, the run making rapid progress ahead of my needle, until I have reached the heel.

The voice from the next room calls, "Aren't you ever going to bed? It must be near morning. What about 'the great reform'?"

"I'm turning in," I respond, with false cheerfulness.

I switch off the light, wondering vaguely whether it was one or one-thirty that struck while I was disposing of my wealth.

I let up the shade to see the stars: the same old stars that I loved when I was six. They, at least, have not changed. But everything else has altered. The fairies are dead, and there is no lilac tree; for I am an apartment dweller now, a regimented worker in the great human hive. "In endless iteration," serried windows, cornices, balconies repeat themselves above the faintly lit crevice of the street. Yet I realize with a thrill that I am not alone; that I am but one of the Ancient and Unregenerate Order of Night-Owls. The man who trundles his squeaking cart down the street and grubs about mysteriously in rubbish receptacles is no member of the sleepless confraternity, for necessity alone dictates his task; nor is the platinum blonde, who from the opposite doorstep shrieks sweet nothings to her escort above the roar of his departing motor. She has never felt the stimulus of silence; the unseasonable joys of midnight fantasy. To her, the stars are a word in a sentimental song; the darkness something to be driven through to a night club. But if these be impostors, there are other faithful adherents of the organization. Across the street, the curly-haired young man, shirt-sleeves rolled up and pipe gripped between his teeth, is still tapping at his typewriter; down the block, in the top-floor studio, lights are still ablaze; and against a square of white window-shade in the corner house, rests the shadow of the girl who, night after night, devours books beside a rose-shaded lamp.

"One, two," booms the tower clock. So it *was* one-thirty that I heard striking, awhile ago! That will give me five hours and three-quarters' sleep: too much, perhaps, for Edison, but not, I tell myself severely, enough for me. To-morrow night I shall be sensible and turn my light off promptly at eleven, — well at twelve o'clock, anyway. But for me, as for St. Patrick's snake, "to-morrow" never comes.

THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

By Sister M. Hilarion

THE Good Book tells the story of a captive people who sat upon the rivers of Babylon and wept, remembering Sion. For they that had carried them away required of them the words of songs. But how sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land? the exiled Israelites queried. How could they? we too ask. Echo answers not how they could, but how they did.

History repeats the theme as a pattern too precious to suffer extinction. It shows many a gallant people going the dark way of exile or the even darker way of slavery, yet going singing. For the dream of freedom is ever-soaring, ethereal. Chains cannot forge it to the earth; sorrow cannot drag its flame-fraught wings to the dust.

Amid the horrors of the slave-ship crossing from Africa to America the black man sang. And in his song we have the finest, sincerest type of artistic utterance that America has as yet given to the world. I refer to the Negro Spiritual.

The slaves who survived the journey to America were in almost every case sent to the Southern plantations. Here white masters noted that singing speeded production. They exploited the native musical gift of the slave and all unwittingly helped to give to religious music a new and beautiful mode.

Always highly susceptible to religious influence, especially to those forms that held emotional appeal, the African in America gradually adopted Christianity. Walking in the Valley of the Shadow he learned of a fair world beyond the stars. He listened to promises of compensation for the ills, the wrongs of this life. And as he heard the Gospel message the black singer raised a great cry of soul, the burden of which is the hope of eternal freedom, endless peace, undying love. Some one has said that the Spiritual is the cry of hearts pierced as much by the wonder of the heavenly future as by the misery of the earthly present.

"O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
You sang far better than you knew; the songs
That for your listener's hungry hearts sufficed
Still live, but more than this to you belongs—
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ."

During the Civil War and immediately after it the Spirituals began to be published. Although the hymns were accorded a gracious welcome by many white people, the Negro himself at the time scorned them, because they seemed to him badges of servitude, frayed ribbons that recalled his chains.

I once heard a prominent colored leader in a stirring address to his people quote some lines from a Celtic poet, lines which might serve to describe the perilous passage of the Spiritual when it was in danger of being rejected by its own:

"Dim face of beauty haunting all the world,
Fair face of beauty all too fair to see,
Where the lost stars adown the heavens are hurled
There, there alone for thee
May white peace be.

"Beauty, sad face of Beauty, Mystery, Wonder,
What are these dreams to foolish, babbling men,
Who cry with little noises 'neath the thunder
Of Ages ground to sand,
To a little sand."

In 1871 the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University toured the United States and several European countries, singing the Spirituals. The venture was an overwhelming success both artistically and financially. One of the fine buildings of Fisk University grew from the proceeds of these concerts.

The tour of the Jubilee Singers and the reception given the Sorrow Songs showed to the Negro the value of his heritage. He learned to be proud of the Spirituals, to be conscious of innate racial talents and powers.

Fascinating as is the history of the Spirituals, the study of their origin is no less alluring. The music with its unique and powerful rhythms is essentially African. The prevalence of the pentatonic scale and the minor mode is possibly characteristic of African melodic and harmonic forms also. But it is to be noted that both these elements are found in the songs of the Irish and the Scotch. If we pursue a quest that might be flippantly described as looking for a Gael in the woodpile, our efforts may not be quite in vain. The Negro must have come in contact with many of these people. Refugees from Scotland were numerous in the Southland, especially after the Jacobite wars. It seems probable that Gaelic music did influence the Spiritual.

However, to consider the Sorrow Songs as a motley piecework, gathered hither and yon and haphazardly put together is to do them scant justice. The songs are a reflection of Negro consciousness. Whatever material he borrowed from the white man he refashioned to his own spiritual image, clothing it with a melancholy beauty, a barbaric color and passion indisputably his own.

One of the modern Negro poets singing in a mood more willful and sophisticated than that of the early black bards stresses the point that I am trying to make here:

"Lord, I fashion dark gods, too,
Daring even to give You
Dark, despairing features where
Crowned with dark, rebellious hair,
Patience wavers just as much as
Mortal grief compels, while touches
Quick and hot of anger rise
To smitten cheek and weary eyes.
Lord, forgive me if my need
Sometimes shapes a human creed."

The words of the Spirituals are taken from Bible themes or from the revival hymns. They, too, have been fused in the alembic of a poetic imagination. They have come forth surcharged with Negro love of the concrete, with Negro emotionalism and individualism.

In *American Negro Folk Songs*, Dr. N. I. White states that the note of oppression sounded so insistently in the Sorrow Songs does not

necessarily connote physical sorrow alone. It may include a sense of the bondage to sin as well. At camp-meetings, he says, both races, sometimes together, seemed actually to enjoy this bondage, this oppression. There speaks a man who knows his South. He has packed a *résumé* of the psychology of the camp-meeting and a compendium of the history of *ante bellum* Dixie in that one sentence. Remembering it, we can explain more easily the disparity that lies between the religious and the secular song of the Negro. We can understand the rapid swinging of his emotional pendulum from bitter intensity of sorrow to bubbling spontaneity of joy.

His religious songs are "gold-dusty from tumbling amid the stars." His secular songs are not gold-dusty at all, in any sense of the word. And a whole battalion of the famous Fairbanks twins could not make them shine. I cite in proof of this contention the modern Blues which are the lineal descendants of the Negro secular songs.

The process of composing the hymns followed two general courses. Because of a racial tendency to think externally and vocally, a singer might happen upon a line that had a good sound and a rhythmic lilt. This line those near by would repeat as a sort of refrain. The maker or leader would then be free to develop the key-thought, while the chorus took its part in the antiphonal. If inspiration failed the leader, he had recourse to verses from other songs suggested to him rather by association of sound and rhythm than by logical sequence.

Although most of the hymns are probably composed in this way, there was communal composition, too. Mrs. N. C. Burlin describes the process as she saw it in Virginia:

"Service had already commenced before we came and the congregation, silent and devout, sat in rows on rough, backless benches. The preacher now exhorted his flock to prayer and the people with one movement surged forward from the benches and down to their knees, every black head bowed in an abandonment of devotion. Then the preacher began in a quavering voice a long supplication. Here and there came an uncontrollable cough from some kneeling penitent or the sudden squall of a restless child; and now and again an ejaculation warm with entreaty—all against the background of the praying, endless praying.

"Minutes passed, long minutes of strange intensity. The mutterings and ejaculations grew louder, more dramatic, till suddenly I felt the creative thrill dart through the people like an electric vibration,—emotion was gathering atmospherically as clouds gather,—and then from the depths of some sinner's remorse and imploring came a pitiful little plea, a real Negro 'moan' sobbed in musical cadence. From somewhere in that bowed gathering another voice improvised a response: the plea sounded again, louder this time and more impassioned: then other voices joined in the answer, shaping it into a musical phrase: and so, before our ears, as one might say, from this molten metal of music a new song was smithied out, composed then and there by no one in particular and by every one in general."

The titles of the folk hymns are

often poems in miniature. To quote from them is to evoke but a faint and broken image of the dream-fair charm or the vigorous strength of their liquid litany. Even so does one, seeking to unlock the secrets of truth in their totality, put stars upon the rack of mathematics. But as one never saw a star who saw it only on a scientific chart, so one never heard a Spiritual who heard it only through the more or less glossy periods of pedants. In fact, I think no white man can adequately reproduce the Spiritual at all.

On ears attuned the velvet croon of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" falls with modulations softly changing, aquiver like a shoaling sea. The surge and thunder of "Go Down, Moses" portray the black man smitten in the presence of the most high Beauty. Yet we really do not hear these songs unless we hear them through the liquid utterance, the sliding cadence, the subtle rhythms of Negro group singing.

The themes of the Spirituals range over a wide field. There are hymns of admonition and aspiration, of praise and penitence, of faith and fellowship. Many Spirituals sing of the Resurrection and of the Second Coming. The slave learned, too, to "pluck a scented petal from the Rose upon the Rood Where Love lies bleeding in the way": for several among the loveliest of the Spirituals dwell on the Crucifixion. We note with sadness the dearth of Christmas hymns, of songs to the Christ Child. But our Negro brethren had no St. Francis of Assisi to interpret for them the life of the God-Man. They had not even a Francis Thompson. And religious poetry is poorer by far for that.

The Afro-American adaptation of stories from the Bible produces some rather curious effects. A short racial memory, a failure of the slaves to comprehend, account for weird and wondrous interpretation of certain Biblical characters.

Noah, for instance, becomes Hibernicized and blossoms forth as "Norah." Nicodemus crosses the color line and poses as "Niger Demus." The whale thoughtfully deposits Jonah on a "sweet 'tater patch" while Sister Mary takes a hop (harp) across the Jordan. What happens to another Mary, Magdalen, I leave the verse to tell in its own naïve way:

"O Mary, Mary de Mag-delene
She washed her feet and she washed 'em clean;
All my sins been taken er way, taken er way."

Music with its reconciliation of all strange suffering and ultimate desire in beauty speaks the authentic word of peace and plaintiveness in this little lyric from the Spirituals:

"I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
I lay dis body down;
I walk in de moon-light, I walk in de star-light
To lay dis body down;
I walk in de graveyard, I walk troo de graveyard
To lay dis body down;
I lie in de grave and stretch out my arms,
I lay dis body down;
I go to jedgment in de evenin' of de day
When I lay dis body down.
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down."

Once, as the quaint old troubadour tale tells, a mighty horn blown at Roncevalles went echoing down the valleys of Christendom lonely, unanswered, and the answer came too late. The Song of the Negro promises to end on a less tragic note than did the song of the splendid Roland. One hopes that the Spiritual may be rather the trumpet of a prophecy, calling forth the active sympathy of the white man for his colored brother, but above all helping him to realize the wealth of his own cultural resources. Then may the young artist look for his inspiration not to chiming stars on the far verges of the white man's world but rather within his own heart, where the lowly slave in a darker day found for himself and for his race a kingdom and a throne.

SONNET FOR HOLY WEEK

By Anne Cabell

SAY this, my heart, that is no longer mute,
Why is another's grief so utterly
A part of me? What passionate dispute
Sways one who rested resolute and free
Until this time, who until now dared burn
Alone for Beauty, and of these knew scars:
The austere silence of a Grecian urn,
The sorrowing night, suspended among stars?

What bargain renders me the least of these
Who, stripped of armor, humbled in their pride,
Kneel in a bloody dust by alien seas,
And mourn the mystery of a Crucified?
Heart, how this pain is mine I do not know—
But you may break before I let it go.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

ST. JOAN

THIRTEEN years ago the Theater Guild presented Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan* and the court page was a boy named Jo Mielziner. That page is now New York's foremost stage designer whose far-flung Gothic arches enclose a spectacle whose visual splendor mirrors the poetry and intelligence of a great production. Miss Katharine Cornell is generous. She has realized that Shaw's *St. Joan* is not only the epic of a saint but the tragedy of this world's reactions to sanctity. She has gathered about her a company of unusual understanding and eloquence. The symphony of the Voices are in themselves interesting. Shaw's drama depends on the clash of strong individuals; ideas are hurled across the footlights; questions that must always haunt mankind are shouted and the answers are given softly by a maid.

The saint who is shown us by Miss Cornell is preëminently loveable. Her Joan is loyal and affectionate and steadfast and gay. The love she bears to God and His saints overflows naturally to the rest of the world. She is healthy and practical. Any suggestion that Joan might have been the victim of an hysterical neurosis is completely discounted. So much Mr. Shaw has accomplished for his heroine. We have always suspected, however, that Mr. Shaw started to write *St. Joan* with his tongue in his cheek. He wanted to play a prank on both the English and the Church by proving that one had burned and the other had canonized the first Protestant. But during the course of his creation, he discovered something greater than he had imagined. The Celt in Mr. Shaw had to respond to the beauty of saintliness.

About the charge of Protestantism, Mr. Andrew Lang, who was certainly no Romanist, wrote:

"There is no basis for the Protestant idea that Jeanne was a premature believer in 'Free Thought' and the liberty of private opinion. She was as sound a Catholic as man or woman could be in matters of faith; she was only forced by injustice into maintaining her freedom of opinion in matters of fact, of personal experience; and clerks as learned as those of Rouen maintain that this attitude was perfectly orthodox."

It is true that in a moment of despair and desolation, she did once recant when she was confronted by the scaffold.

"What I said," she repeated later, "I said in fear of fire. My Voices have told me since that I have greatly sinned."

But it was not for want of "the wind in the trees and the larks in the sunshine and the lambs crying" that at the end she cried she would rather burn than remain a prisoner. Her real words are: "I would rather die than remain in irons. If you will release me and let me go to

Mass and lie in gentle prison [with women keepers] I will be good." Just think what it must have meant for a girl of nineteen to be guarded day and night by men—men who were the scum of Warwick's troops!

Nor can we agree with Mr. Shaw that the trial was a fair one. Joan not only offered to submit to the Council at Basle—which Cauchon had stricken from the records—but she cried, "Take me to the Pope!" An appeal which her judges had no legal right to refuse.

If Mr. Shaw's play were only of St. Joan, it would properly end at the trial when Warwick pauses, on the executioner's report that they have heard the last of the girl whose ashes have been flung in the Seine, with—"The last of her? I wonder?" But in the epilogue the different types of the world's great men are assembled in the King's dream and after giving homage to Joan recoil from the idea of her ever returning. "Must I burn again? Are none of you ready to receive me?" Not one. They turn and go; the great gentleman, the statesman, Warwick, the towering Nordic of Brian Aherne: the diplomat, the wily Latin of Ciannelli (the gangster from *Winterset*); the general, Dunois, the handsome Kent Smith; the Bishop in the dignity of Charles Waldron (Mr. Barrett); the parson whose repentance after the burning is so tremendously played by George Coulouris; the philosopher in the wisdom and dignity of Arthur Byron's Inquisitor whose long speech becomes one of the great moments of the play; and the opportunist royalty, the Dauphin, a masterpiece of sly humor in the hands of Maurice Evans (last year's Romeo).

The *première* of *St. Joan* was given very economically by the Theater Guild in the days when they were struggling in 35th Street. Joan was chosen for her youth, a mistake that was the more apparent after seeing the London production with Dame Sybil Thorndike. But to us the present production is even finer. Miss Cornell's silvery saint is a beacon.

"God's friendship will not fail me," she cries, "nor His counsel, nor His love. In His strength I will dare and dare and dare until I die." —*At the Martin Beck.*

END OF SUMMER.—Old Mrs. Wyler could talk of the days when oil gushed up so fiercely in her back yard that it was quite a nuisance. Since then money had flowed fiercely through all the Wyler's lives. It had ruined Leonie from the start. Charming Leonie, whose only desire was to make everyone—including herself—very happy! She had never learned to worry about the random relationships that might be broken or bent in the process because the money was always there like a sort of celestial glue to patch things together again. Very soon after Paula was born, Sam had drifted away; not that he had deserted in any disagreeable way, for all the conventionalities of "home" had been preserved for Paula, and Sam had merely become obscured in the background while Leonie scattered happiness promiscuously.

As Paula matured, the promiscuity took on a new significance; she clung more and more to the shadow of her father, and then came the day when Sam confessed that because she had grown up, he felt free to emerge from the background and to make a new picture for himself with another woman as the central

figure. "Of course," he hastens to explain, "we both want you, Paula darling, it will just mean a real home," but what develops then is the action of Mr. Behrman's new comedy, a comedy that is not only apposite and witty but compassionate and wise. For the first time that we recall great riches have been scrutinized without servility or scurrility or cynicism but with pure pity. Mr. Behrman shows the curse that comes with money when money comes without the traditions of responsibility that is its only antidote. In the simple setting of a commodious cottage in Maine, Leonie and her daughter face the problems that the oil wells of another century have brought them. It seems to be an even chance if Leonie is to shower oil upon a stranded Russian with a neurosis or a neurologist without a conscience, while Paula faces the loss of her love because a jobless young man refuses to be a rich wife's appendage.

Dr. Rice is as much of a villain as Mr. Behrman can permit himself to imagine. A type of physician who is gaining a dangerous influence in the present community. The doctor explains that he has switched from throat specialist to psychoanalyst because "poor people have tonsils but only the rich have souls." He declares that the opportunity for the individual career has never been so exalted, for while the young men prate of cooperative commonwealths, the strong man takes power and rides over their backs which is all their backs are fit for. In an argument with the radical Dennis he refuses to submit to statistics:

"Dennis: You must be an atheist, Dr. Rice.

"Rice: Because I don't believe in statistics—the new God?

"Leonie: Well, I'm a Protestant and I don't believe in them either.

"Dennis: Well, Protestant is a loose synonym for atheist—as an Irishman—"

How Paula saves Leonie and how Leonie tries to save love for Paula gives Mr. Behrman's comedy more drama than he has ever before offered in his cunningly wrought studies of contemporary society. His development is one of the laurels of our stage. The Guild has produced *End of Summer* with infinite charm and care from Miss Ina Claire's radiant Leonie, to Osgood Perkins' desiccated Rice; Minor Watson's lovable Sam; Mildred Natwick's old Mrs. Wyler and Van Heflin as Dennis. Tom Powers is the Russian with the complex. Mr. Behrman attempts to solve no problems but he leaves us with a mathematical one: How do two jobless young men manage to buy so many week-end tickets to Maine?—*At the Guild.*

Love on the Dole.—This is the play which was written on odd scraps of wall paper begged from a painter because the author had no money for a writing pad. The nineteenth century was a pitiable one for the English working classes. Men and women and children worked interminable hours but always before them was a chimera of hope. But the twentieth century has brought the dull misery of the dole. Like life imprisonment it has no future. *Love on the Dole* seems timed for the New Deal in the coming elections. What better argument for the P.W.A. could be presented? What matters the

budget if our people are spared the hopelessness that engulfs the dwellers of Hanky Park?

Down on Fourteenth Street they have been presenting plays of labor problems, but Walter Greenwood's story needs no tag of propaganda. Its appeal is too human. The Hardcastles are an industrial family in the purlieus of Manchester who, in spite of pretty grim poverty, have managed to maintain their ideals and their respectability. But Sally is so pretty that she attracts the attention of a dissolute bookie called Grundy who, furious at her rebuffs, retaliates by having Sally's young man fired from his job. Their marriage is hopelessly postponed and Larry finally is killed while trying to restrain the radicals in a labor demonstration. At the end Sally decides to compromise and spend a week-end with Grundy in Wales. In all her life, she has never had a holiday. "Y'd have me wed?" she asks her angry father. "Then tell me where's fellow round here as can afford it?" Sally can find work now for her father and brother, but she leaves the old man crushed. His self-respect, his family's hard fight for respectability have gone. It is a cruel tragedy but one of the beautiful things of the season is Miss Wendy Hiller's Sally. Miss Hiller was discovered in a little theater in Manchester and this was her first part in London. She raises the love scene on the mountain to a moment of pure poetry. One of the most striking things about the play is its lack of bitterness. The Hardcastles only ask for work.—*At the Shubert.*

Sweet Aloes.—Here is a drama which has kept tight hold of the British public for nearly two years. The London *Spectator* admitted it was a mediocre play but predicted a long run. We agree with the first part of their verdict but doubt its American success. Diana Wynyard in the English production seems to have endowed Belinda with a pathos and charm that blinded her audiences to any defects in the script, but here, although the beautiful Evelyn Laye gives a perfectly logical and finished performance, she is never emotionally stirring, and Belinda's troubles seem too close to neuroses to be tearful.

Act I. is unquestionably the best. It reveals the orphaned and penniless Belinda living on the bounty of a rigorous aunt in a little English village. Belinda is facing the appalling fact that she is about to become the mother of a child whose father is the scion of the neighboring castle. The Hon. Robert has a beautiful young wife of his own but as she is doomed to childlessness, the Earl persuades Belinda to let them preëmpt the unborn illegitimate child and pass him off as the lawful heir, provided that Belinda leaves England and relinquishes all rights to her baby. This Belinda does. She comes to New York, marries a rich American but is haunted by memories of her son.

The mystery is beginning to make her husband as miserable as herself when there appears the anomalous young man called Tubbs, who engineered the first pact with the peerage and who now insists on bringing the legal parents of Belinda's child to dinner. Belinda sees a miniature of her son and after discussing the situation with Lady Farrington, Belinda discovers that her mind is at last cured. She plans to sail cheerfully to England with her husband. But as he is never told about his stepson, we wonder

if it is really a happy ending? Miss Joyce Carey who wrote *Sweet Aloes* under a pseudonym takes the part of Lady Farrington with beautiful but chill dignity. John Litel from *First Legion* is the American husband and Tubbs is well done by a newcomer, Rex Harrison.—*At the Booth.*

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE.—After reading the reviews, this was one play which I definitely didn't want to see. I hate murders. But as the scenes succeeded each other, I realized that underlying the sordidness of the story there was the appeal of human suffering and the knotted threads of good and evil so difficult for finite eyes to disentangle, so luminously simple to the mercy of God. The play has many of the qualities of a bad dream, including the greasy old Greek who is Cora's husband. When the hobo (Richard Barthelmess) walks into the Pappadakis lunch counter, the hobo and Cora (Mary Philips) discover each other as hotly as did Paolo and Francesca; but here their eyes meet over his fried eggs, and always amorphous fate in the body of Pappadakis divides them. As Cora can't face a vagrant's life, the hobo plans to kill the Greek. Thwarted the first time, they succeed in rolling Pappadakis in his car off a bridge.

There follow some scenes of sharp sardonic humor in which a shyster lawyer succeeds in having them acquitted of manslaughter by a deal with the Life Insurance Company. Cora and the tramp find themselves legally free but spiritually bound. Not only the ghost of the Greek but their former passion haunts them for they have come to distrust each other. It is here that the play assumes new value for the author probes these black hearts until he finds some decencies. Determined to save her child, Cora thinks of a test that will restore their confidence in each other. Happy for the first time, they are married and on the clean sands of the beach, the man remembers God. But justice is not so easily hoodwinked; on the way home Cora is killed in a motor accident and her bridegroom is arrested and sentenced for murder. Once more a Life Insurance policy is the silent witness. At the end, the man is receiving absolution from the prison chaplain. With all the ugliness of its sinning, here is a play which recognizes eternity. The direction of Robert Sinclair and the sets of Mielziner are as well proportioned as the entire cast.—*At the Lyceum.*

STAR SPANGLED.—Things are not what they used to be even in the Polish section of Chicago. When Gregory Dzieszienewski—known as Smith—comes back over the week-end to visit his family, his sentiment is continually shattered. Even his old pal, Baby Face Cassidy, has tasted adversity, as with the end of prohibition no one can afford expert "killers." Gregory himself, with a ten-year sentence, has escaped the anxiety of the depression. He has won a respected position in his new community; has been elected President of the Killers' Club and has borrowed the Vice-President's gun for a two days' leave through the sewer. Gregory has a little private business to finish up before his return but his family deny him cooperation, particularly Vincent Dzieszienewski who is trying to represent the district and the Polish people. The President of the Kill-

ers' Club for his part is shamed by the general levity. He is shocked to find his pretty mother still flirtatious and is quite ready at the end to regain peace via the sewer. Such is the rattletrap texture of this comedy for which Mr. Arthur Hopkins has provided actors who cannot only draw many laughs but who can actually pronounce Dzieszienewski. George Tobias will be remembered as Gregory.—*At the Golden.*

CASE OF CLYDE GRIFFITHS.—"May God forgive him!" cries his mother when Clyde is condemned. "But Society is guilty. Can we forgive Society?" asks the Speaker. Dreiser's novel, *The American Tragedy*, has returned to our stage in a new and highly socialized version via Berlin. It was first presented here as straight melodrama in 1926 and though it failed in the theater, it became a favorite on the screen. The story has a curiously international appeal. Widely translated, French playwrights emphasized its emotionalism while the Russian theater added Communistic ethics and Piscator in Germany seized upon it as an illustration of the economic struggle. Piscator's play was tried out last year in the Hedgerow Theater in Pennsylvania. As an example of a new form of dramatic technique the present production is highly successful; as a specific indictment of Society it is unconvincing.

In lieu of a chorus, it makes use of a Speaker who is expositor, confidante and censor. He explains in a prologue that on one side of the stage will be seen the poor, on the other the rich and between them lies the no man's land in which Clyde is driven. In quick flashes one is shown Clyde as a bellhop meeting the rich uncle who gives him a job in his collar factory. The first sign of Clyde's subversion is seen when he turns scab on the striking workers. There follows his seduction of little Roberta and his desertion of her for the beautiful heiress who is willing to marry him. To avoid a scandal Clyde decides to drown Roberta, and it certainly taxes the powers of Alexander Kirkland to command the smallest sympathy for Clyde. Phoebe Brand is full of appeal as Roberta. Carnovsky has his usual force as the Speaker but it is difficult to follow his reasoning when he tells Clyde's Evangelist mother that her prayers have only weakened Clyde's powers of resistance. It is made apparent that Clyde's downfall is certain when he buys a dress suit but it must also be remembered that there was no capitalism involved when Abel was murdered by Cain. All the collars of Troy can hardly whiten Clyde.—*At the Ethel Barrymore.*

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—One of the most important openings of the month will be the production of T. S. Eliot's poetic tragedy by the Federal Theater Project at the Manhattan Theater with a cast of eighty, original music by Engels and costumes taken from old tapestries. Tickets are fifty cents.

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—*At the Forrest.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Founded on a true incident and revolving about a theme that should be taboo, this superbly acted tragedy is best remembered for the lesson it teaches in passing judgment on our neighbors.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Now achieving an international popularity this really very funny farce of some race track touts and an ingenuous writer of greeting cards, is more proper in content than refined in conversation.—*At the Playhouse.*

November

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH.—A trial play with plenty of unpleasant evidence but which nightly chooses a jury from the audience and pays its jurymen!—*At the Ambassador.*

December

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—A faithful version of Jane Austen's novel of English country life in the very early nineteenth century. The sly wit of the dialogue is due mostly to the excellence of the characterization in which Miss Austen's up-to-date psychology is displayed to best advantage by a brilliant cast—Lucile Watson, Percy Waram, Adrianne Allen and Colin Keith-Johnston.—*At the Plymouth.*

DEAD END.—Do you know how gangsters are being made every day right here in one of the new smart sections of the city? In *Dead End*, slum and palatial apartment meet—the audience is the East River into which the little boys dive. We regret that more of its bad language could not have been expunged.—*At the Belasco.*

January, 1936

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Another farce without a triangle and with an innocent plot. Two harum-scarum scenario writers in Hollywood and their exploiting of an adopted baby provide rollicking action, not much elegance of speech and some very funny scenes.—*At the Cort.*

FIRST LADY.—A diplomatic comedy, polite, clever and very debonairly played by Jane Cowl as the Ambitious Wife No. 1 and Lily Cahill as A. W. No. 2. The characters are all so good that we regret that a trick ending was added to unsnarl the knot the active wives had spun.—*At the Music Box.*

February

VICTORIA REGINA.—Something that only comes once or twice in a lifetime—history run over before one's enchanted eyes. Ten of Mr. Housman's twenty sketches from his extraordinary book, create a play that springs into quick life in the magic playing of Miss Helen Hayes and Mr. Vincent Price; a topnotch cast and beautiful settings. Even if the tickets are expensive they are worth it. A Tuesday matinée takes the place of Tuesday

night's performance.—*At the Broadhurst.*

LIBEL.—Another trial play but this one takes place on the King's Bench in London and is more exciting than *Night of January 16th* and without its disagreeable qualities. Four men give remarkable performances—Colin Clive, Frederick Leister, Ernest Lawford and a newcomer, Wilfrid Lawson.—*At the Henry Miller.*

March

ETHAN FROME.—Dramatized by Owen Davis, directed by Guthrie McClintic, with sets by Jo Mielziner and produced by Max Gordon, the actors in no way lag behind their sponsors. Raymond Massey is Ethan; Pauline Lord, Zenia, and Ruth Gordon surpasses herself as Mattie. One of the finest American tragedies. But one needs seats in the center.—*At the National.*

CALL IT A DAY.—The author of *Autumn Crocus* now takes us into the midst of an English family. We intrude upon Mr. and Mrs. with their early morning tea and put them to bed again that night after following their fortunes and their children's lives for nearly twenty-four hours. With Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper as the parents and equally attractive children, one almost regrets the visit isn't over the week-end!—*At the Morosco.*

RUSSET MANTLE.—Written to voice the dissatisfaction of youth, Mr. Lynn Riggs has let his middle-aged people steal the play for a comedy. The dialogue—of which there is a good deal—is clever and amusing and the characters are all alive. But all youth seems able to do to prove its courage is to announce the advent of a child without wedlock. There we leave them.—*At the Masque.*

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Translated by Dr. Hsiung and charmingly announced by the Honorable Reader, Miss Mai-Mai Sze, the daughter of the Chinese Ambassador, this Chinese fairy tale is very delightfully played by Miss Helen Chandler and Mr. Bramwell Fletcher. It is not of even merit but the background of cherry blossoms against a blue sky are an augury of an unusual and very pleasant entertainment.—*At the Forty-ninth Street.*

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—Melodrama mellowed by beer and interlarded with some excellent skaters and very unusual acrobats. Plenty of cheer and some rounds of choral singing.—*At the American Music Hall.*

FRESH FIELDS.—It is always a pleasure to see Miss Margaret Anglin and although the present British comedy is of rather outmoded fashion, she manages to give it some life and draws a laugh on all her own lines.—*At the Empire.*

CO-RESPONDENT UNKNOWN.—With a slow first act and all the naughtiness in the remainder where Peggy Conklin makes a dubious part wholly charming, we would call this a really immoral play as it makes sin not only attractive but completely worth while. James Rennie and Ilka Chase are the couple who are eventually and for no good reason reunited.—*At the Ritz.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, THE WORLD AND THE FAITH. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

BRITISH WATER LORE

WATER in some form or other has been always associated with religious or superstitious beliefs and customs. Indeed in ancient Celtic and Roman days it was accorded real worship, for rivers, springs and seas were looked upon either as divine or as the home of powerful spirits. In the medieval era, even after Christianity was established in Great Britain, archbishop and king found it necessary for centuries to proscribe this worship. Finally, though the cult was suppressed, many popular customs and beliefs associated with or derived from the ancient pagan devotion, survived, exist to-day even, though in a very altered form. For there are traditional pastimes and local sayings that apparently derive from the Celtic river worship; there are well-customs, which, though transformed by ages of Christian influence, originated most likely during the Roman Occupation of Britain. Furthermore, and of far later origin, are the harmless superstitions and notions concerned with the sanctifying water of baptism.

In the British Isles, the oldest gods and goddesses were those associated with rivers. These river gods were generally vindictive, requiring the sacrifice of a life at set intervals; and the fear that these water deities once inspired was so strong, that reminiscences of it are still embedded in local sayings heard in some riverside districts. These rivers are almost always referred to as "she." Among them, the Spey in Scotland is said to demand a life yearly, the Derbyshire Derwent is equally ravenous. Several sets of traditional local verses are grim commentaries on the reputed character of the old gods.

"Bloodthirsty Dee,
Each year requires three.
But bonny Don,
She needs none."

"Tweed said to Till, 'What gars ye
run so still?'
Till said to Tweed, 'Though ye run
with speed,
And I run slaw,
Where ye droon ae man, I droon
twa.' "

Quaint human names are given to the spirits of certain rivers. The Ribble is the home of a Peg O'Nell, who must have a human sacrifice once every seven years. Again, a Peg Powler was the tutelary deity of the Tees. Sometimes the life of a bird, cat, or dog, fulfilled the requirements of the sacrifice; indeed a plaid, net, or handful of salt, apparently deceived the spirits of some Scottish rivers into thinking they were suitable sacrifices! A really pleasant offering to a river was the garland of flowers thrown on the Severn, at the yearly sheepshearing festival, a custom lasting until the middle of the seventeenth century.

The grim belief that rivers required human sacrifices gave rise to the equally grim practice of refusing to save a drowning man, or to bring a dead body ashore for Christian burial. For, so said the fishermen of many rivers and seacoasts, the water balked of its prey would avenge itself and drown the rescuer, or in the latter case, would flood the churchyard and wash the body out of its grave.

So much for the still existent superstitions; now for some customs —rough and ready jollifications— which may be reminiscences of pagan ceremonies in which the devotees were immersed or sprinkled with the sacred river water. January 1st or May 1st are the usual dates for these traditional but very local diversions. They are known collectively as "dipping-days" though the details of "dipping" vary a good deal. At Tenby in Wales, there is a faint suspicion of Catholic phraseology associated with the dipping, for the fisher-children, whose festivity it is, sometimes call January 1st "spurging day," as well as "dipping-day." This title may possibly be derived from "Asperges"; as the children carrying buckets of sea-water and branches of a seacoast plant, visit their neighbors; then, using the plant as a brush, they sprinkle everyone with water, much as a priest uses holy water at the Asperges.

This flavor of Catholicity, however, is probably accidental, grafted on to an already existing dipping custom in the Middle Ages, for there are very similar dipping customs in Scotland that have no suggestion of Christianity at all. On many Scottish coasts, for example, thirty or forty years ago, each fisherman sprinkled his hearth well with seawater on New Year's Day, and hung seaweed over his door for luck.

At Minehead (Somerset) and Padstow (Cornwall) dipping days are great occasions for fisher-folk's merrymaking. On May Day, they make the hobbyhorse, a grotesque caricature of a horse, with small head, waving plumes and tail, but its body is a man covered with a sheet. There is a grand procession; the hobbyhorse is preceded by a sailor brandishing the "snappers," an ancient implement that is justly described by its name. It is followed by a drum and fife band, then by the fishermen, their wives and children, many of whom are in fantastic disguises, and all singing the traditional hobbyhorse song. The procession goes to a certain pool, where the hobbyhorse pretends to drink, but by raising its head abruptly contrives to splash bystanders with water and mud. This essential duty over, the procession returns to the town through streets decorated with boughs and flags, and the day ends with a dance around the Maypole.

Though almost certainly the sprinkling of bystanders at the pool is a survival of some ceremony in which worshipers were sprinkled with lustral water, possibly by a water-god or his representative in the form of a horse, local tradition associates the custom with a threatened invasion of Padstow by French ships. The hobbyhorse of that day stood guard on the cliffs. French soldiers when landing saw this apparition, concluded the country was protected by the devil, and fled back to their boats. So that, according to this imaginative but highly improbable legend, Padstow and England were saved by the "hoss" from the horrors of invasion.

In Looe and other Cornish parishes, on May Day, boys took up a strategic position near pumps and street taps. Armed with mugs, basins and squirts, they threw water over anyone (especially little girls) who did not wear a sprig of beech—the symbolic May plant. Adults, however, fortunately for the urchins, generally redeemed themselves from the "dipping" by giving the boys a handful of coppers. At the Northern town of Alnwick the cost of admission to the freedom of the town was paid by the candidate in an extremely unpleasant fashion: he was plunged to the neck in a pool of dirty water—a custom that is probably related to the dipping practices of other towns. At Padstow, Tenby, and Looe, the practice appears to be derived from ceremonies which might perhaps be called corporate worship for the good of the community. There are other dipping practices which may be descended from private devotions intended to benefit personally the individual who carried out the rite.

To this latter class belongs the Herefordshire and Scottish (South) practice of "drawing the flower of the well." Each daughter of the house tried to be the first to dip her pail in stream or spring on New Year's morning and bring the water to the house. And she who was the first would have the "flower" or the luck of the well—she would be the first in the house to marry within the year. Of the same nature also was that custom popular with girls,—of washing their faces with dew on May morning which was guaranteed to bring them great beauty. Mrs. Pepys rose early to wash in May dew, and the custom survived well into the nineteenth century.

"Ducking" was the legal penalty for shrewishness and witchcraft; it was also the chief event in some rough-and-ready village sports. Whether punishment or game, "ducking" may be a vestige of the prehistoric sacrifices of criminals to the river god; or perhaps, though it is less likely, the purification of devotees from their sins.

The worship of springs seems to have been more universal than that of rivers. Well-spirits usually were reputed to be kindly and gracious, so that practices derived from their worship were comparatively innocuous. And it seems that heathen festivities associated with certain wells became permeated by Christian teaching, eventually to be utilized in the parish ceremonial devotions of the countryside, though it should be borne in mind, that it is quite possible that some of the "well-blessings" may have arisen directly as a Catholic practice in the Middle Ages.

The most remarkable of the well-customs is the Tissington "well-

flowering." In this parish there are five never-failing springs. Every Ascension Day, these wells are "dressed," that is, they are partially enclosed by wooden structures in the shape of grottoes. The face of each board is smeared over with plastic clay. A design, it may be a quotation from Scripture, a pictorial representation of the Good Shepherd or St. Mary Magdalen, is traced on the clay. The colors of the design are obtained by filling in the spaces with thousands of tiny colored flower-petals, foliage leaves, and scarlet berries. In the morning a short service is held in the Protestant church, which was of course the Catholic church before the "Reformation." Then the clergyman leads the congregation in irregular procession to the wells, says a psalm at each, finally blesses the water and the people at the last well.

Local legends have it that the "well-flowering" is an annual votive thanksgiving promised centuries ago, when one year during a severe drought, the Tissington wells never failed. Of course there may be some truth in the legend, but the usual explanation for the origin of "well-flowerings" is, that they are Christianized survivals of the Roman Fontinalia, as the pretty custom is or was found in other Derbyshire villages, in Staffordshire and Cheshire, as well as on the Isle of Wight.

Another well-festivity took place at Nantwich on Ascension Day. The older inhabitants gathered round the salt-pits, the chief source of employment in the town, to sing hymns of thanksgiving. The pits were decorated with flowers for this "Blessing of the brine," as the little ceremony was called. Then in the evening young folks finished off the day by singing and dancing round a special ancient pit.

Reminiscences of religious processions to and from a well occurred in many towns. In Nottingham during the last century, on Easter Monday, the mayor, aldermen and their wives, escorted by the town musicians, followed by the more important citizens, attended a morning service in the Protestant parish church, after which they walked in procession to St. Anne's Well. Again, at Lichfield, the clergy with their churchwardens and vergers, followed by the children of different schools, all carrying leafy boughs, walked to the different reservoirs. The minister read the Gospel and blessed the water. And before they dispersed, cakes and ale were given to the youngsters to round off the occasion as a festivity. There is a most picturesque procession that still takes place every Whitmonday in Lichfield. No wells are blessed, but the procession which includes men dressed in the valuable medieval armor belonging to the city goes through the city to a spot outside, where are stalls and other appurtenances of a country fair. The day is still called the "green bower feast," as formerly mayor and citizens were feasted in a "green bower" at the fair.

These processions to well or spring were once important, as either civic authorities or churchmen attended. Possibly some are survivals of the pre-Reformation Rogation processions, in which priest and parishioners perambulated the parishes, singing litanies. In the country, the Gospel was read at some important station, often an oak or well. And though it is about three hundred years since there

were Catholic Rogation processions round farms and fields, the numerous "Gospel wells" and "Gospel oaks" found all over England testify still to the old ways.

When our Blessed Lord was on earth, He made water the visible material part of His sacrament of initiation into His Church. Yet in spite of the great dignity of the new Christian significance of water, the superstition-loving strain in mankind was (and is) so strong that quaint fancies and harmless customs arose and centered about Baptism and its cleansing water. In the earlier ages of Christianity, Easter and Whitsuntide were the special seasons for baptizing converts, Whitsunday being especially popular in England. And though later, the sacrament was administered at other seasons also, the feeling still lingers in rural England that Whitsunday is the proper day for baptisms, and that children christened on this feast would be very fortunate.

In many English countrysides it was thought to be unlucky if a child did not cry when it was being baptized, it was a sign that it would not live long, being too good for this world. On the contrary, godparents rejoiced if the child screamed loudly. It meant that the devil was being driven off by the baptismal water. This notion was prevalent in medieval England; in old churches the "devil's door" is still to be seen. This is a small door in the wall on the north side of the font, which was opened widely during a christening ceremony, so that the devil could fly off unimpeded.

Quite another type of belief was current in Gaelic Scotland. There, it was thought that the fairies had great power over the bodies and souls of unbaptized children. As soon as the babe was born, the nurse sprinkled three drops of water on it, one drop for each of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. She gave the infant a temporary name also, which would be superseded by the proper name given at the subsequent baptism in church. After this temporary ceremony, the fairies could not steal the child, or if it died, the little body could be laid to rest in consecrated ground.

Teutons and Celts speculated as to the fate of the souls of children who died unbaptized. In many English countrysides there is a superstition that the souls of these unhappy children joined the troops of spectral beings, often in the form of dogs, that sweep across the sky on winter nights. (This superstition, widespread in rural England, is interesting, for it is a direct legacy from our Teuton ancestor's folk-tales of the Wild Huntsman riding with his pack across a stormy sky.)

Celtic superstitions are kinder. In Brittany whose beliefs are so much like those of England, souls of children that have not been dipped in the regenerating water, become birds flying in the dusk. Then the day before the Last Judgment, they will gather together, and be baptized by St. John the Baptist. In Gaelic Scotland also, their souls are said to float in the great space between heaven and earth. They too will all be called before the end of the world, will be baptized in unseen waters, and will sit thereafter at Our Lord's Feet.

F. M. VERRALL.

Nova et Vetera

The Church Must Go On

The founder and first President [of the English College at Douai] was Dr.—later Cardinal William Allen of Oriel, a gentleman of ancient Lancashire family, thirty-six years old at the date of the foundation, 1568, who had left Oxford at the first religious changes, become a priest in Louvain, and had already attracted notice as a controversialist in defence of the doctrines of purgatory and indulgences. The object of the college was primarily to supply priests for the Catholic population of England, for, since the bishops were all either in prison or under detention, it was impossible for them, except very rarely with the connivance of their gaolers, to ordain priests; the system of education imposed by the Government made it increasingly difficult to train candidates for orders in England; in a few years the Marian priests would begin to die out and, as Cecil foresaw, the old Church would quietly expire with them; that Catholicism did in fact survive —reduced, impoverished, frustrated for nearly three centuries in every attempt at participation in the public services; stultified, even, by its exclusion from the Universities, the professions and social life; but still national; so that, at the turn of opinion in the nineteenth century, it could re-emerge, not as an alien fashion brought in from abroad, but as something historically and continuously English, seeking to recover only what had been taken from it by theft—is due, more than to any other one man, to William Allen.

His was a compelling and elaborate character. His prodigious power in human intercourse is clear from the uninterrupted success of the English college. He was dealing with men of every age and position; elderly ex-professors and heads of houses; raw, embarrassingly enthusiastic converts; old-fashioned priests, schooled and ordained under the Marian *régime*, who came to him when they found their simple rule-of-thumb dialectics insufficient to cope with their trained opponents; bitter fanatics whose fathers and brothers had died on the scaffold; later, when the seminary was recognized as a menace at Whitehall, spies, sent over by Walsingham to discover the secrets of the organisation—all these it was Allen's task to sift out and control; to estimate their capabilities and vocations, to turn some to work writing tracts and translating, to keep some as lecturers and send some across the Channel to martyrdom. Besides them, there were at Douai an increasing number of Englishmen and women who regarded the college as their centre, and its President as their leader; some were passing through, others more or less permanently settled; great ladies like the widowed Countess of Northumberland; humble, homeless artisans, all looked to Allen for encouragement.

Throughout the whole period he was in constant anxiety about money and he was living among a foreign people. At Douai the exiles,

at first popular enough, became after a time, identified by the anti-Spanish faction with the vice-regal Government; at Rheims, where he moved for a time, they were disliked as Englishmen. Only by unremitting caution could the students avoid becoming embroiled in the local disturbances. But never was the *régime* of the college interrupted; whatever doubts secretly harrassed the President, however tumultuous the immediate circumstances, however desperate the future, everything went on as before, English and imperturbable.

Mass for the whole college was at five, all the priests celebrating daily; there was weekly confession and communion; twice a week they fasted, and even on ordinary days the fare was so meagre that two Belgians who had originally joined quickly removed elsewhere. The students were assumed to have some Latin before their arrival; they learned Greek and Hebrew; they took dictation from the scriptures; during the course they went through the New Testament sixteen times. The teaching was counter-reformatory; in theology and exegesis they concentrated almost entirely upon controversial texts; in their spiritual exercises they were prepared for sacrifice; they were being trained not as scholars and gentlemen, but as missionaries and martyrs. Within a few years of its foundation the seminary was sending about twenty priests a year to England, of whom, before the end of Elizabeth's reign, 160 had died on the scaffold. To critics at the time this yearly despatch to almost certain imprisonment or death, of relays of the finest youth of the Church, seemed a gruesome and intolerable waste. In 1584 the Jesuit General Aquaviva was to write that *"to send missionaries in order to give edification by their patience under torture might injure many Catholics and do no good to souls."* But Allen knew that the devotion of his seminarists, so gallantly squandered, sometimes in a few weeks of ministry, was of more value than a lifetime of discreet industry. His was the humbler task of composing their epitaphs. One aim was paramount to him, whatever its cost; the Church of Augustine, Edward the Confessor, Thomas of Canterbury and Thomas More must go on.

—From *Edmund Campion*. By Evelyn Waugh (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

Craftsman and Seer

In all ancient art, and indeed down to very recent times, the motive was the achievement of beauty in some sort, whether of the optically pleasing artifact or of the transcendental revelation. The pottery of Cyprus or of the Indians of the American Southwest; the Victory of Samothrace or the Saint George of Donatello; the Adoration of the Lamb of the Van Eycks, or the Sacred and Profane Love of Titian; Chartres Cathedral or Hagia Sophia; the B-minor Mass of Bach or the Orpheus and Eurydice of Gluck—in approach it all was with a consciousness of an ideal perfection existing somewhere, absolute in quality, aloof, intangible, but approachable and, within limits, to be re-created, or at least to be interpreted, by the artist to the world. Usually this creative, interpretative power found its widest scope in the service of one religion or another. The agency was that peculiar entity, the artist who was not a professional in the modern sense of the word, but

rather a man who was sensitive to the higher controlling influences in the human life of the time, and who expressed these through the directing quality of his own personality. He was not a being set apart, either by God or his own determination, to do one special thing: he was rather one possessed of a certain *creative* capacity, which might almost as well have been exercised along several other lines — indeed, sometimes was; for often an artist was at one and the same time painter, poet, sculptor, and architect, not to say statesman, scientist, or prophet. He always trained himself in the delicate craft of the hand (no one could teach him more than the rudiments of his craft), and this through years of labour and the driving passion for perfection. If he was not as good a craftsman as he was a seer and a dreamer of high dreams, he was no artist. The results achieved are recorded in the comparatively few things that time and war, barbarism and ignorance, hatred, revolution, envy and superstition have left from the uncounted millions of the lovely works of man, from the sculptures of Sakkara to Santa Maria dei Miracoli in Venice. And all were beautiful with that beauty which, whatever its mode and form and style, was, in its infinite variety, of the nature of eternal things, in no way subject to the chances and changes of mortal fads, fancies, and fashions. . . .

To-day, the artist of any sort is a peculiar being, isolated in his tower of ivory (or more commonly of mud and rubble), either a rebel against his environment, a sycophant to its lower and more popular manifestations, or the synthetic product of the school and the atelier, where the theory seems to be that anyone can be made into an artist of sorts (and of any sort) provided the system of training is sufficiently comprehensive, scientific, and prolonged. Meanwhile, the rest of men go on making and liking ugly things, calling in the services of the artist only under the compulsion of social forces for which he has a certain contempt, but a very wholesome fear.

And the result, generally speaking, is ugliness. Oh, I know the arguments of the psychoanalytical critics and of the pragmatic philosophers, to the effect that neither in nature nor in art is there any such thing as beauty *per se:* that what we call beauty is simply personal reactions to certain physical stimuli: that what one man thinks is beautiful another may think is hideous, and that one is quite as nearly right as the other, and that in the end there are no definite standards and no criteria of values. All this seems to me nonsense, and a part of the presently chaotic condition of human mentality, in which there are no visible standards of right and wrong, as well in private and public morals as in æsthetics. . . .

The antithesis seems to me complete: I mean between the way of art for five thousand years and the way of art during the last century. If the old was the better way—and who shall say it was not?—I expect we shall again have to recognize our mistake in bartering our old lamps for new, call the deal off, and try to get back the Seven Lamps that once hung about the Throne. If we would have back the old art (in its essence and its relation to life, not in its forms), we must have back the old life in its unity, in its joyfulness, and in its human scale. This

may come. What we have fabricated enthusiastically, and not without vainglory, is reaching its term. If it does not lapse into anarchy, we ought to be able to take our harsh lesson to heart and to go on to build our more stately mansions, in which we may live more pleasantly and more profitably than in the skyscrapers of Megalopolis.

—From *My Life in Architecture*. By Ralph Adams Cram (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.).

The Correlation of Things

Philosophy acts as a clearing house of knowledge, breaking down watertight compartments and introducing connections between the different departments of human thought and activity. Philosophy in a word helps men to connect. Now it might be plausibly urged that failure to connect is one of the major disabilities of modern man, a disability which has become a danger to our civilization.

As I write, human beings contemplate the increasing preparation for their own destruction not with fear but calmly, even rapturously. Crowds flock to watch army aeroplanes skirmishing in the skies. A thousand screens show bombs dropping, guns firing, torpedoes being launched, poison gas diffused, to audiences who watch them with a passionate interest. Nobody protests; nobody is driven by the most elementary law of self-preservation to demand that these preparations should be stopped. Why not? Because of a failure to connect. It never occurs to these applauding crowds that these instruments of destruction, upon whose preparation they are prepared to lavish immense wealth and whose efficiency gives them the most complacent satisfaction, may be, probably will be used against themselves. Not, perhaps, those particular guns or planes which they are watching at Aldershot or Hendon, but guns and planes exactly like them which are being prepared and perfected a few thousand miles away; not but what the very weapons which they admire are sometimes sold to those who become their enemies, and who use them for the destruction of the watchers. And to the directors of armament firms who make these things and are prepared to sell them to all comers, to the clergy and members of Parliament, the judges and doctors and dons and gentlefolk who derive incomes from the business of their manufacture, it never seems to occur that their money is being used to trade in death, and that the potential source of their wealth is the shattered bodies, the scorched skins, the sightless eyes, the burst lungs of those whom the guns have dismembered, burnt, blinded and asphyxiated. They do not realize, or seem not to, that their profits are derived from the agony of human beings, and that these human beings may be themselves.

And those newspaper proprietors in all countries who are also the directors of armament firms—do not the profits on a single battleship amount to more than the few millions required to purchase a newspaper, lock, stock and barrel?—whose papers are continually fomenting men's fears and inflaming their pride, they and their editors and their leader writers, while they are personally kindly men, who do not wish anyone to be hurt and think in terms of sales and advertisements rather than of policies and programmes, never appear to

conceive that by their persistent advocacy of a militant nationalism, their persistent crabbing of such poor machinery of peace as a distracted world has managed to contrive, they may be conniving at their own destruction. And the patriotic teachers, the professors of military history, the lecturers on war strategy, remote donnish men who certainly do not delight in the mass slaughter of their fellows, never seem to relate the duty to country they so eloquently prescribe, or the battles whose strategy they so ably expound to dismembered and disembowelled human bodies.

People, the fact is alas all too clear, have not been trained to remark the correlations of things. They do not perceive connections. Now one of the main functions of philosophy is the function of correlation. It breaks down watertight compartments and summons all knowledge and experience to judgment at the same bar. A little philosophy will assist men to connect and, in helping connection, will help also the civilization that is so dangerously menaced by its lack.

Secondly, it is, I believe, a fact that many of those who are normally engaged in research or creative work find it difficult to-day to pursue their ordinary avocations. Nor are their difficulties merely economic. Over many of the sensitive-minded men and women of this generation hangs the menace of a great fear; the fear of the destruction by war of such civilization as we have achieved. Because of it their minds are unable to escape from the preoccupations of the political scene. Even if their preoccupation cannot prevent or even delay for the fraction of a second the catastrophe, they cannot withdraw their fascinated gaze from the spectacle of its slow approach. Physics and psychoanalysis, literature and art, the novel of the year, the latest experiment in poetry, So-and-so's "show" of paintings, such and such a performance of a symphony, these, which used to be the main staples of conversation in circles, which in the long run form the taste and set the standards of the community, are now neglected for discussions of rearmament and dictatorship.

And, inevitably, first-rate literary and artistic production falters or ceases altogether. How can a man think, let alone dream, when the hills and valleys are filled with the echoes of marching feet? How can he command the serenity to conceive or the patience to create beautiful things, when he contemplates the prospect of those whom he loves being slowly asphyxiated by gas and the fruits of his effort being scattered with the ashes of the civilizations that gave it birth? The creative artist demands a quiet background, if he is to produce his best work; he also requires an audience whose release from the more primitive preoccupations of the soldier, the savage and the gangster enables them to turn their attention to the products of the spirit. He demands in fact a civilized environment, alert, interested, reasonably secure.

—From *Return to Philosophy*. By C. E. M. Joad (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.).

Foreign Periodicals

President Benes

Statesmanship is a compound of imagination, courage and common sense. Edward Benes, the newly elected President of the Czechoslovakian Republic, possesses all three in a supreme degree. To describe his work as a statesman during the sixteen years he served uninterruptedly as Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia would be to write the history of Europe during that space of time. . . .

Benes was little over thirty when he pushed his way into the limelight on the European stage. In a comparatively few years he has become one of its predominant and most notable actors. Geneva, where he attained the highest honours, where he fought brilliantly for disarmament and international understanding, where again and again he presided over the Council of the General Assembly, will know him no more. No more will his spare, trim figure, leather dispatch case under the arm, hustle through the lobbies. But his work and memory cannot be effaced; and whoever may be nominally in charge of Czechoslovak affairs, it will be the Benes policy which will be pursued.

Only by a brief survey of the man's career can an impression of the man himself be given. For the career, in this case, is the man. But there is one trait that has always struck everyone who has had the privilege of coming into personal contact with him: it is his profoundly sincere democratic spirit. Born of the people, he has remained a man of the people, and no man in the purple was ever prouder of his lineage.

"My position," he said recently to an intimate friend, "has brought me into contact with the highest social spheres; palaces of kings, castles of noblemen have received me —the son of the poorest peasant— with open arms. But searching my conscience I can say that the favours and graciousness of the great have not altered my nature one whit. I could go back tomorrow to the lowly hut in which I was born and not feel in any way estranged or in the least out of place. I love the people of whom I am one. I am, as the English say, at one with my race and akin with my kind."

A humbly proud confession, but in spite of all a true one and a deeply sincere one. Benes has remained throughout his meteoric career almost pathetically and yet adorably simple-hearted. It is that primordial and fundamental simplicity of heart that has enabled him to avoid the pitfalls of political life, and to arrive at that genius for straightforward compromise which achieves its peaceful aim without the sacrifice of a shred of principle.

Amid the tempestuous parliamentary seas and the alarming diplomatic storms he has stood unmoved, strong as a rock. And it is significant of the moral strength of the man that during the whole of his career while he sat under that Grand Old Man, Thomas Masaryk, surnamed "The Wise Man of Prague," his intellectual qualities and his capacity for initiative were

never obscured by the scintillating virtues of his great friend and teacher. Neither did Benes, as might and probably would have happened to a weaker and less resolute man, become a pale copy of his mentor and exemplar. These two men, animated by the same principles, dominated by the same burning convictions, consumed with a patriotic zeal and fervour tempered with a prudent sagacity, worked together in a harmony of which there are few, if any, similar instances in history.

True to the precepts of his life, Masaryk laid down the reins of office that he felt his hands could no longer hold. But he did so with dignity and wisdom, for he bade his friend and pupil take them up again. The work of Benes is not finished. Fate, that heedless arbiter of men's lives, has merely turned another page; and a new chapter in the story of a nation—and perhaps Europe—is opening. Whatever it may have in store for Benes himself, or for the young Republic he helped to create, or for the Europe that he has served with almost uncanny understanding, one thing at least is sure; this chapter also will be inspired by an unquenchable democratic faith. There will be no swerving aside from that narrow and nowadays thorny path. It is because the Czechoslovak people realise this that the news of his election as President of the Republic by the National Assembly evoked such unusual demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. In the streets of Prague, of Brünn, of Bratislava, huge crowds gathered to acclaim him. They sang with amazing impartiality the Czechoslovak National Hymn, the "Marseillaise," and the "Internationale." They shouted "Long live Benes!" "Down with Fascism!" "Up with the People!" In these crowds were all sorts and manner of men and women: Czechs and Slovaks, Sudetes and Hungarians, Ruthenes and Poles, rich and poor, bourgeois and workers, clericals and socialists, Christian democrats and communists. There could be no more pungent characterisation of the man Benes than this catholic and spontaneous tribute of popular and universal goodwill to one who is felt, even by his party opponents, to be truly the champion of his people.

—W. Walter Crotch, in *The Contemporary Review* (London), March;—American publication rights controlled by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York.

The Art of Listening

It is the contention of the present writer that there is no difference *in kind* between the appreciation of a tune from *The Mikado* and the enjoyment of a Brahms Symphony. If there be a difference at all, it is merely one *of degree*. In the case of a simple tune, the process is done without effort and subconsciously. The proportions are such that the memory is already equal to its task of seeing the melody as a whole, of appreciating the balance and proportion of its parts, of noting its modulations, its rhythm and its rhyme. Moreover, the more closely the melody approaches the elemental, hackneyed *clichés*, to which the untrained ear is already familiar—in other words, the more obvious the tune—so much the more readily does it achieve popularity.

So also with modern dance-music. An impartial examination shows that its ever-increasing repertory is

made up of little more than the exploitation *ad nauseam* of a handful of harmonic, melodic and rhythmic mannerisms, in the use of which any intelligent musician can soon become proficient. It has of course the advantage of performance at the hands of players whose technical dexterity is extraordinary so that full point is given to its rhythmic energy. But to assume, as some have done, that contemporary dance-music is "the apotheosis of rhythm" is to forget that what rhythm it has is entirely mechanical—how else could it be danced to?—and that its restless reliance upon the trick of syncopation exposes it to the charge of illiteracy. Such rhythmic monotony has its fascinations, but it is utterly devoid of the subtlety which characterises both the literature and the music of civilized man. For it has to be recognised that the rhythm of this dance-music is not essentially different from that which delights the ears of primitive savages. Its enjoyment requires no effort, therefore it is esteemed. But its artistic value is no higher than that of the degrading words to which it is wedded. Moreover, the fact that western civilization is content to spend vast sums annually on its propagation does not argue strongly in favour of the healthy vigour of that civilization. In any case, to limit one's knowledge and appreciation of the art to such miserable manifestations is to remain content with the toys and jingles of children and to ignore the exalted heights of human experience to which great music can lead us.

But even among lovers of serious music there is still a tendency to regard music in a wrong light. . . . The method they adopt may be described as a sort of "passive wallowing" in the sensuous beauty of the sounds; their intellect remains inactive, but with their imagination they conjure up fanciful pictures of trees, wind-swept skies, running brooks and moonshine. The invention of such titles as *The Harmonious Blacksmith* and *The Moonlight* Sonata (for which neither Handel nor Beethoven was responsible) shows how ready musical publishers were and are to take advantage of the tendency. To such listeners music is merely an inferior kind of literature or poetry, to which the composer has provided the sound while the audience (or the writer of the programme notes) supplies the sense. This conception ignores the fundamental fact that music as such is the most abstract of all the artistic endeavours of man, that it has no meaning, that its primary purpose is the creation of the beautiful. Even when a composer confesses in a title that his inspiration has been stimulated by contact with external things—which must invariably be the case in the sphere of human expression—his music stands or falls by its value as music, not by the success with which it depicts a "programme."

The mark of the intelligent listener is his realisation that music appeals not merely to his senses, but through them to his understanding. He consequently takes pleasure in the active intellectual process of listening. The sounds he hears still possess the same sensuous beauty, but in addition they have for him a logical sequence and a co-ordination worthy of the concentrated appreciation of an intellectual being. Thus music becomes the source of an enjoyment which in its very rarity and refinement has scarcely

a counterpart in the whole range of human experience. If this appears to be beyond the capacity of the average man, it is because the average man has never learned the art of listening, not because he lacks the power to do so.

—Dom Gregory Murray, in *The Downside Review* (Downside Abbey, Nr. Bath), January, 1936.

Menace of Communism in Spain

The result of the Spanish elections on Sunday, February 16th, was a shock to Catholics everywhere, for it revealed, not the hoped-for further approach to national sanity and stability, but rather a sharp reversal towards red revolution. It is true that the conditions which made the history of the two first years of the Republic such a record of outrage and destruction have not fully returned, but Señor Azaña, the man responsible for that record, is again head of the Government, and the portent is so alarming that various prominent Spaniards with more discretion than valour have already gone into voluntary exile. In default of evidence to the contrary, one must conclude that the elections were fair and reflected the mind of the country: on that account the inference is either that the lessons of the previous Azaña régime have been lost on the Catholics, or that disunion amongst the latter has paralysed their efforts for sound government. In either case, one can only deplore that the main need of the moment—the freeing of the country from the menace of Communism — should have been lost sight of in the medley of lesser interests. The anti-revolutionary Right is composed of no less than eleven parties, whilst the Left have only five, and to that extent have consolidated their forces. But against Communism there should be only one party, the Catholic: no other issue, even loyalty to a dethroned dynasty, should be allowed to divide and weaken. Catholicism in Spain would seem to need a more thorough political education. It is tragic that considerable numbers of the working-classes should have got out of touch with the Church, on whose doctrines their rights are securely based. The mark of a living Church is that the poor have the Gospel—the Good Tidings — preached to them, but the Spanish proletariat are ignorant of those Good Tidings. Catholic Action is well organized in Spain, but only amongst the educated. The setback of the election will, we trust, lessen apathy and stimulate unity amongst the Catholic bodies. Not only in Spain does the Church Militant need to take the field with all her forces.

—*The Month* (London), March.

Recent Events

Hitler Defies Treaties

An extraordinary session of the Reichstag was held on March 7th at which Chancellor Adolph Hitler announced his defiance of those clauses in the Versailles Treaty in which Germany had agreed to a demilitarized zone along the Rhine. The Locarno Treaties, or the Rhine Pact, as Hitler called them in his memorandum to the other Powers, coincidental with his speech, were also involved. Signed on October 16, 1925, these were seven treaties for mutual security entered into by Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Hitler maintained that treaties between France and the Soviet, and between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet, violated the Locarno Pact, because they opened the way to an attack on his country by Russia. They also, he said, went counter to a decision of the League of Nations Council. Germany, therefore, he declared in his memorandum, no longer considers herself bound to this now defunct pact.

At the time the Chancellor was delivering his speech in the Reichstag, German troops were marching into the cities of the demilitarized area for the first time since the World War. At the conclusion of his speech Hitler dissolved the Reichstag and called for an election on March 29th, to vindicate his leadership. In his memorandum, to offset the charge that he was endangering the peace of Europe, he proclaimed the willingness of his Government to enter at once upon negotiations with France and Belgium for demilitarized zones on both sides of their respective borders. He proposed a non-aggression pact between his country and France and Belgium to endure for twenty-five years, and invited England and Italy to sign as guarantors. He made a similar offer to all the countries bordering on Germany, and professed his readiness to enter into an air pact with the Western Powers, "designed automatically and effectively to forestall the danger of a sudden air attack." He even offered to reënter the League, now that Germany's equality with the other nations was finally achieved and her full sovereignty over the whole of the Reich territory was reestablished.

France flatly rejected the *Fuehrer's* memorandum and rushed troops to strengthen the garrisons along her side of the frontier; she took the final steps in ratifying the pact with Russia which Germany had found so objectionable. England promised aid to France and Belgium if either country was actually invaded. Representatives of England, France, Belgium and Italy met in Paris and then moved to London, and passed a resolution finding Germany guilty of violating the Locarno Pact and the Versailles Treaty.

In strong contrast to the bitterness and resentment evident in the French press and in speeches in the Chamber of Deputies is an English point of view expressed in a London paper. It is quoted in the *Literary Digest* as follows: "Hitler's

two new points are the suggestion that the Covenant of the League of Nations should be completely disjoined from the Treaty of Versailles, and that the Rhineland should honestly be recognized as German fully and without impediment. On both points he is right. There can be no peace without elementary justice and common sense. There is no more reason why German territory should be demilitarized than there is that French, Belgian, or English territory should be demilitarized."

By the end of the second week of March the "war scare" occasioned by these events had quieted down. Chiefly through the efforts of Sir Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, an invitation was sent to Germany to attend the meeting in London of the Council of the League which was to pass judgment on Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland. Foreign Minister Von Neurath replied that his Government was prepared to accept assuming that its representatives would be on an equal footing with others and also that the whole plan for new peace guarantees would be considered along with the question of the sovereignty of the Rhineland.

German participation was agreed to but not with all these conditions, as it was pointed out that Hitler's peace proposals must be discussed by the Council itself at the proper time. Germany accepted and a delegation headed by Joachim von Ribbentrop, Ambassador-at-Large, went to London.

Death of Famous English Priest

In the middle of February the Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan, nephew of the famous Cardinal Vaughan, died in London in his sixty-second year. The Paulist Fathers have always felt very close to Father Vaughan because he came to this country in 1910 to observe the methods used by them in their missions to non-Catholics. On his return to England he organized the Catholic Missionary Society, which was designed to carry out a similar apostolate in England. Father Vaughan and his associates used a chapel motor car and always featured a Question Box in connection with their lectures, helps to missionary work which he had learned in this country. With Dr. Downey, then a member of the Society and now Archbishop of Liverpool, he edited a monthly magazine, *The Catholic Gazette*, "the pen side of the appeal to the non-Catholic world, which is the Society's work."

Herbert Vaughan was educated at the Oratory School, then at Oscott and in Rome. He was ordained in 1900 by Cardinal Vaughan. The late Bishop of Menevia, Wales, the Most Rev. Francis J. Vaughan, was his brother. Dr. Vaughan was compelled by ill health to retire last year from active work as Superior of the Catholic Missionary Society. He was buried by the side of his uncle, the Cardinal, in the grounds of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill.

May his soul rest in peace!

A Chaldean Catholic Church in Chicago

The Rev. Francis Thomay arrived in Chicago recently from Iraq to work among the refugees from Mesopotamia and Persia (Iraq), several hundred of whom have

settled in Chicago. They are of the Chaldean Rite. Plans are under way for a church dedicated to St. Ephrem but meanwhile they are using a school hall. A committee to aid this interesting new venture has quarters in the Illinois Club for Catholic Women.

The Chaldean Catholics using a language closely akin to that of Our Lord, are proud of their long Christian history. Unfortunately, most of them were swept into the Nestorian heresy in the fifth century. Except for a small remnant they returned to the Church in the sixteenth century. They are governed by the Patriarch of Babylon. Father Thomay was sent to this country by the Sacred Congregation of Oriental Churches with the approbation of his superior, His Beatitude Joseph Emmanuel II., the present Patriarch of that ancient city. He was ordained twenty-five years ago at Beirut, Syria.

The Chaldean Rite, using the Syriac language, differs considerably from the Latin Rite. In their churches there is a wall between the sanctuary and the people, with an opening in the middle. The baptistry adjoins the sanctuary and Baptism is by immersion and is immediately followed by Confirmation. The words of Consecration in the Mass are said or sung aloud. There are three different Canons used in the Mass.

Disorders in Spain

The elections in Spain in February which resulted in a victory for the Left coalition brought about a release of all political prisoners. The number was estimated at 25,000. Manuel Azaña, who had been Premier at the beginning of the Republic, was invited by President Zamora to form a Cabinet. It represented a coalition of Marxists and Left Republicans. Considerable disorder, with huge popular demonstrations, took place in various parts of the country, but especially in Catalonia.

In the middle of March, anti-religious rioting followed the funeral of a policeman who had been killed guarding a Socialist Deputy. Socialist and Communist sympathizers marched through the principal streets of the Capital. They first set fire to the printing plant of the *Nacion*, a paper favoring Fascism; it was completely destroyed. Then they turned their fury against the ancient and historic church of San Luis, the chapel of San Ignacio and Santa Isabella Convent; all were set afire. Other parts of the country also reported disorders. In the Province of Novara two churches, four convents, a Monarchist club, a Catholic Popular Action club, and a conservative newspaper were burned, according to an Associated Press dispatch. A strict censureship is exercised over the Right press, but full liberty is given the radical and Socialist papers to urge laborers to seize the land upon which they work, and to incite their followers to other acts of violence. When the Cortes met on March 15th, for the first time in the history of Spain, the "Internationale" was sung there. The Premier was reported to have conferred with the Socialist leaders and to have warned them that the disorders which have been almost constant since the February elections must cease. The Spanish Ambassador to the United States returned to this country from abroad just at the time these out-

rages were taking place. He was quoted as saying that the riots represented only a temporary phase, that peace would quickly be restored, and the anti-Catholic demonstrations cease. The present Government he thought a stable one, and likely to remain in power for some time.

Note on German Catholic "Communists"

Last month in these notes the arrest of Catholic Youth Leaders in Germany was reported, and allusion was made to the charge against them: "treasonable relations with Communist and Marxist groups." Reports from clergymen in Germany since received here, according to the *Brooklyn Tablet*, give a very simple explanation. Communist literature was sent anonymously to these leaders and to some Protestants; then the same day the secret police called and searched the premises for treasonable literature. When news of this simple trick circulated around, prudent people opened their mail in the presence of the postman before he left and refused to accept letters or literature that would incriminate them.

Student Peace Conferences

As a contribution to Catholic Action and to further the cause of world peace, three conferences have recently taken place in widely separated parts of the country. The Benedictine Alumni Association in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the founding of the Benedictine High School of Richmond, Va., presented, on February 23d, "Youth and World Peace," with speeches on that subject by Dr. Charles G. Fenwick and Dr. Elizabeth Lynskey. The International Relations Club of Our Lady of the Lake College, San Antonio, Texas, held an all-day Regional Conference on March 5th, discussing such questions as the Italian Position and the League Position in the Contemporary Crisis, the Mexican Problem, and the American Policy of Neutrality. On March 14th there was an all-day meeting of the International Relations Club of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., at which various college representatives and others spoke on peace and allied topics.

These gatherings are a part of a nation-wide series of Student Peace Conferences being held in coöperation with the Catholic Association for International Peace.

Our Contributors

WE offer our readers much interesting give and take this month between brilliant and well informed minds, and on issues of grave import. PAUL KINIERY, PH.D., bears out the Editor's point of view in his search for an answer to the question "Where Are We Going in 1936?" A member of the Department of History of Loyola University, Chicago, and assistant Dean of the Graduate School, he will be remembered as the author of the much commended "Catholics and the New Deal" in our April number. On the other hand, in "An Open Letter to the Editor," the RIGHT REV. MSGR. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., foremost among our Catholic economists, takes the opposite point of view, which, if it does leave the patient somewhat in doubt, at least allows him freedom of thought.

REDOLENT of the joy of spring is MARY FRANCES MEARS' "Birds and Thorns," another of the Kentucky sketches in which she has vividly re-created for us her childhood days. Having taught for several years in the schools of her native State, Miss Mears moved to Evanston, Ill., and now devotes her time to writing. Her work, both prose and verse, has appeared in various publications here and abroad.

AT present in Europe, DOROTHY GRAHAM (MRS. JAMES W.) BENNETT and her husband, are slowly wending their way home again to New York after many months spent in the Orient, for which as we all know, they have a special affection. Therefore we could scarcely have a more authentic study of the Japanese advance than "Japan Marches On!"

ONCE again CAMILLE MCCOLE ("Thomas Wolfe Embraces Life") holds the mirror up to nature and gives us a just appreciation of one who has been swept to dizzy heights of fame by our uncritical critics. Professor McCole has been welcomed in many halls of learning since he came East from Notre Dame two years ago.

WE feel that nobody could be better equipped than DENIS GWYNN, B.A., D.LITT., F.R.HIST.S., to write on "Catholic England under King George V." A keen student of history, connected editorially with various important periodicals since 1915, the author of a score of books of Catholic historical interest, he is at present literary adviser and a director of Burns, Oates and Washbourne, and Editor of *The Dublin Review*. Mr. Gwynn was a student at St. Enda's College under Padraic Pearse and took his degrees at London University and the National University of Ireland. He has been an occasional contributor of ours these many years.

EMILY WANGARD (MRS. A. J.) THOMANN ("Margaret of New Orleans") is a new contributor writing on a subject probably new to most of our readers. She is an alumna of the University of Wisconsin, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and a history fel-

lowship in her senior year. Before her marriage she taught in Wisconsin high school for several years, and since that event, has gotten her M.A. and LL.B. degrees, being now a practicing attorney in Madison. Her writing has hitherto been limited to technical and professional subjects.

ANOTHER newcomer is MARIE BUTLER COFFEY ("Seek After Peace") whose first short story published five years ago, won a prize and was printed in *Extension Magazine*. Mrs. Coffey is a native of New York State and since her marriage has made her home in North Syracuse. She has written fiction for *The Magnificat*, *Pax* and other Catholic periodicals.

WE are accustomed now to expect something of distinctive charm and interest from ELEANOR DOWNING, M.A., B.LITT. (OXON.), be it poetry or prose. "On Night-Owls" is in the best tradition of the essay, which has a delectable past. Miss Downing is at present in the English Department of Brooklyn College of the City of New York and a contributor to many of our leading magazines.

FROM Egypt comes SISTER MARY HILARION'S "The Negro Spiritual." The author is a member of the community of the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and is at present in charge of St. Clare's College, Heliopolis, Cairo, a flourishing mission school. Born in Pittsburgh, Sister Hilarion holds her B.A. degree from Fordham University and her M.A. from Duquesne. She is the author of a series of articles entitled "Lyric Ireland" published recently by the *Cross* of Dublin.

WE have no new poets this month, but several old favorites. LEONARD TWYNHAM ("Easter Morn—Garden of the Sepulcher"), pen name of a well-known Connecticut poet, gave us his first contribution in December; JOHN RICHARD MORELAND considers "Spring in the Dune Country" one of his best Dune poems; though MARY IRENE WOODRUFF has never been in Europe she has seen with the poet's inner eye all the beauty of "A Hill in Hungary"; ANNE CABELL'S "Sonnet for Holy Week" was one of two of her poems which won the biennial Teague Poetry Prize at the University of California in 1935.

New Books

The Last Puritan. By George Santayana.—Manual of Christian Archeology. By Orazio Marucchi.—Land of the Free. By Herbert Agar.—Free Medical Care. Compiled and edited by E. C. Buehler.—Like a Mighty Army. By George N. Shuster.—Edmund Campion. By Evelyn Waugh.—American Neutrality, 1914-1917. By Charles Seymour.—Can We Be Neutral? By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong.—The Spanish Main. By Philip Ainsworth Means.—With Napoleon in Russia. Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. Edited by Georges Libaire.—Portrait of My Family: 1783-1896. By Derek Patmore.—Gustav Stresemann. Vol. I. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton.—Shorter Notices.

The Last Puritan. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

With Cervantic irony and extreme sensitiveness, George Santayana, in this rare novel where states of soul and ultimate beliefs are major forces in the plot, has attempted to show—it may be debated how successfully—puritanism self-condemned. In the young Oliver Alden, he has depicted a character who convinced himself on puritan grounds that it was wrong to be a puritan—and then couldn't change! One doubts, however, that Oliver, who seems unreal, could be lukewarm and still a puritan. Oliver's mother, all puritan ardency, is twice as real as her son. Yet puritanism is the subject at which Mr. Santayana has always done his best tilting. How well one remembers all he has written about the joy-killing, graceless people of this world, in faith generally Calvinistic, who make existence tiresome for everybody, including themselves.

His book is a splendid feat for a man of his seventy-odd years. It has been almost fifteen years in the writing, yet how any philosopher could have amassed such knowledge of and insight into, for instance, babies, is amazing. The first couple of hundred pages—the novel, a sort of reveristic memoir, runs to six hundred—are perfection. These pages abound in happy hits like the colloquy between Mr. Head, Dr. Hand, and Mr. Hart, the description of the Dentist's tools and of a little boy's ideas about a pony. When Oliver reaches England, the soliloquies which the author provides as dialogue make the writing difficult to follow. The professional philosopher appears; the great novelist that Santayana was for two hundred pages slowly fades, although there are still memorable descriptions, like that of the English don.

In the incomparably described house and person of Nathaniel Alden on Beacon Hill in the 1870's, puritanism is first met. Peter, the half-brother, kicks over the traces of the intolerable *régime* that denies him pleasant intercourse with people of all classes and, a rich and sickly skeptic, spends his life—after expulsion from Harvard—traveling and sailing. But, ironically, he is caught back into the toils when he marries a puritan wife. Their son Oliver is of course the "Last Puritan."

Mrs. Alden is the type that cannot understand servants, that loves—though she rolls in wealth—silly

little economies, that eyes askance all foreigners or people without the best in education, clothes, or other advantages. She herself, however, sticks to one or two dresses for the whole year, and is always worrying over trifles, and nagging the joy out of life.

Oliver at last gets away with his father who rarely comes home, except for great occasions like Thanksgiving dinner, of which, by the way, there is an amazing description, casually conveyed in a letter, yet one of the most luscious and startling things in a book that is, on the whole, great fun. Oliver, in short, goes off on his father's boat, where he runs into "Lord Jim" Darnley, the captain, worldling and bounder. In England he meets Jim's father, the Anglican clergyman of Iffley, living in a vague poetical religion, and Jim's sister, the natural and ironic country lass, Rose. Finally, Oliver's half-Italian cousin, pagan, birdlike and radiant, pops out at Eton. These foils for puritanism have been excellently selected. Yet to the end—which comes through a motorcycle smash-up—Oliver lives and does his duty in only a mechanical, statuesque way. It is Mario, the spontaneous, the realistic cousin, who lives happily ever after, not being bothered with the inhibitions of a Nordic soul. J. W. L.

Manual of Christian Archeology. By Orazio Marucchi. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. $3.50.

In 1923 Orazio Marucchi, whose three-volume treatise on Christian archeology had already placed him among the foremost authorities in the world, summarized that work into a brief manual which placed within reach of the public a text both scholarly and popular. Two years after Marucchi's death in 1931, a fourth edition of this manual was published by Dr. Giulio Belvederi, Secretary of the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archeology. From this fourth edition, the Dean of Science of St. Bonaventure College, Dr. Vecchierello, has prepared the present publication. It is substantially identical with the text now used by the students of Christian archeology in Roman seminaries and is supplied with charts, and with photographical reproductions of many of the more valuable monuments in the Catacombs. For those to whom De Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea,* is inaccessible, the book will have exceptional value; and for use in the classroom it is more practical than Monsignor Barnes's *The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments.*

The manual begins with a brief description of the sources for the study of Christian archeology, following with a short history of the persecutions, and then takes up the ancient Christian Cemeteries in Rome, giving a supplementary account of all the other catacombs that have been discovered. The next section discusses ancient Christian inscriptions and ancient Christian art, especially as preserved in the Catacombs. The concluding part of the volume deals with the Christian basilicas.

Marucchi's text is authoritative and Catholic readers may well feel grateful to the St. Anthony Guild Press for this handsome reproduction of a valuable work.

For future editions we venture to suggest: that the average reader would be grateful for the addition of an outline map of Rome and its suburbs, for the addition to the bibliography of some books in Eng-

lish, for a translation of some of the more difficult inscriptions, and for a list of the illustrations. The notes are arranged according to that awkward system — unfortunately now fashionable—which makes it necessary to locate the part and the chapter in which one is reading before the reference can be consulted.

J. McS.

Land of the Free. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

There is more than one reason why it is a pleasure to read another book by Mr. Agar. One is that he really writes literature, and though our printed production is happily accepted as such, literature is in fact rare and what goes under that name is merely books. Another is his generous indignation against the evils of our civilization, or rather the most obvious of them. He flames against them with a moving eloquence and with that reformatory fervor which is almost always, and mistakenly, called the enthusiasm of "youth"; the fact being that those crusaders and reformers who are most ardent, most dauntless, and most resolute and consistent always have been the middle-aged and old.

But in neither of his books is Mr. Agar new, except in the individuality of his style. In both he is discovering what other people have said and have stopped saying because it has become stale with repetition, and they have gone on to the next thing. In his first book, *The People's Choice*, he had just discovered that the American Presidents were not, on the whole, a noble band of thin red heroes, and he wanted to announce this discovery to the world. In this book he has discovered the evils of capitalism, and announces his discovery just at the time when it has become so much the standard topic of eloquence that denunciations of what he (with characteristic joy in the finding of a brand-new phrase) calls "the robber barons" are a convention and a ritual.

He has a remedy, and proclaims it with that apostolic faith which, again, is always, and always mistakenly, called "youthful." It is to do away with the giant cities which (he is quite right in believing) are the abhorrent malformation of our civilization. He would have America become again the land of farmers and small property-owners which it was in Jefferson's day and which it still is in areas of which he, most obviously, has not the remotest knowledge, such as the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The government should assist this transformation of skyscraper populations into Candides, each with the ideal of the disillusioned Candide, and each at last devoting himself to "cultivating his garden." It should assist the farm-bent emigration with bounties, until the Jeffersonian days, reborn, are self-supporting. This is the opposite of the Rooseveltian idea of helping mankind by strengthening the State, which, he says (and this may be true), can result only in a new tyranny. Mr. Agar has abundant ardor, magnificent faith, and not much realism.

C. W. T.

Free Medical Care. Socialized Medicine. Compiled and edited by E. C. Buehler. New York: Noble & Noble. $2.00.

This is the second of a series of "help books" for debaters compiled and edited by the director of foren-

sics at the University of Kansas. The writers of the various articles are men who ought to know the truth of what they speak. The subject is an extremely important one. We have grown used to billions in recent years, and yet the figures for medical service in this country are startling. Each year our people spend three and a half billion for medical services and goods. The hospitals represent a capital investment of three billion, and the education and physical equipment of physicians represent three billion more. The provision of medical care forms one of the largest industries in the country.

The great majority of American families do not get the medical care they need because they cannot afford it. This is not the fault of physicians. In 1929, before the depression, one-third of all the physicians in the country had net incomes of less than $2,500, and one-half, less than $3,800. If physicians were graded in income intervals of a thousand dollars, more would be found in the $1,000 to $2,000 class than in any other. Since the depression many doctors have been on the relief rolls and many others have driven taxicabs and even done manual labor.

The question is, will the doctor continue as an individual practitioner, or will he become an agent of the State? Will the doctor be paid by the patient or from a fund raised by taxes? These disturbing questions are now being debated by thousands of students in our schools and colleges, and this book supplies the data. Some solution must be found for the problem. Certain it is that the most important element in the treatment of patients still remains the personal influence of the physician. For those who think that a discussion of the subject at this time is premature, there is a chapter outlining twenty-five different forms of socialized medicine already adopted by various communities throughout the United States and Canada. J. J. W.

Like a Mighty Army. By George N. Shuster. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.00.

Mr. Shuster, exceptionally well informed on the subject, because of his unusual opportunities for personal observation, gives us in his latest volume an analysis of Hitlerism, noting as its chief element an anti-Semitic strain so extreme that it results inevitably in opposition both to Catholicism and to Protestantism. The author regards Nazism as the response to a widespread demand in Germany for a new religion to repudiate the traditional ethical ideals and establish pleasure-seeking as the code of conduct.

Facing a problem that affects not only the fate of Germany but also the future of the Church in America, the author confesses frankly that he has no remedial program. To him the greatest of the blunders at Versailles,—he politely calls them "misfortunes,"—was the barrier erected against all German attempts at reconstruction. He does not anticipate a Communistic upheaval—because of the power of the farmer and the peasant class in Germany; but looks forward to a restoration of the monarchy by violent means, probably within four or five years. Apart from the chance of a development of Christian ideals in the people, he predicts no very satisfactory future. But some good would result if governments could be persuaded "to underwrite an in-

ternational treaty recognizing freedom of the religious conscience . . . as an inviolable right accorded in international law." J. McS.

Edmund Campion. By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

The story of Blessed Edmund Campion opens here with a prologue—the somber deathbed of Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1603, just twenty-two years after Edmund Campion, at her orders, had joined the "purple dynasty" of More and Fisher, to quote Francis Thompson, "the anointed kings of Tyburn tree." Conjectures as to the reflections of the dying sovereign lead the author to reconstruct another scene, a day of pomp and circumstance, when forty years before, Elizabeth had held court at Oxford University, with Earl Leicester at her side, and had listened to the elegant Ciceronian Latin of a brilliant young scholar, Edmund Campion, Fellow of St. John's at seventeen years, called by Lord Burleigh one of the jewels of England, and already the center of a group of admiring students who styled themselves Campionists.

Between this triumph of the university scholar and the vile, gross horrors of Tyburn, Campion passed through a cycle of experiences, initiated by his return to the faith of his fathers. Study for the priesthood at Douai, for the Jesuit Order in Rome and in Prague, led to his appointment as one of two Jesuits to go to England "to preserve and augment the Catholic faith." Campion joyfully returned to his "noble realm," his "deare Countrie," and entered on the dangerous career of missionary, endured the hideous racking, and underwent the mock trial. On a foul December day, 1581, he was at last to "enjoy your Tyburn, my Lords" [Campion's *Brag*].

The gifted author of this vivid story has never allowed his instinct for the picturesque to lay a tariff on facts. It is to be hoped that Mr. Waugh's book may stimulate some one to undertake an ampler treatment of a noble theme, and produce the definitive, scholarly biography of this member of the "fair chivalry, the companions of Christ."

Lists of references are given at the end of every chapter, and the Appendices include a brief bibliography and Campion's *Brag*.

M. C. M.

American Neutrality, 1914-1917. By Charles Seymour. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00.

Can We Be Neutral? By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Charles Seymour's book is an attempt to overthrow the thesis outlined by Walter Millis in *Road to War*. It will be remembered that Mr. Millis' chief contention was that the United States had as much (or more) reason to go to war with the Allies as to clash with the Central Powers. In rebuttal, Mr. Seymour offers generous quotations from the diplomatic notes of Robert Lansing and the State papers of Woodrow Wilson. But the most telling argument he produces is the admission of the German Ambassador of those fateful days, Count von Bernstorff: "Nothing except the abandonment of the U-boat campaign could have prevented war."

Of course, President Wilson might have avoided a break with Germany by surrendering the right to send American ships and citizens

out on the high seas. In the long run, this might conceivably have been a policy less destructive of life and wealth. "If it came to the last analysis," as Colonel House wrote to Wilson in the summer of 1915, "and we placed an embargo upon munitions of war and foodstuffs to please the cotton men, our whole industrial and agricultural machinery would cry out against it." In other words, we might have escaped the worst rigors of the 1929-1935 depression by a meek submission to economic reverses in 1917-1919. To say that "the only pressure" that affected Wilson in 1917 "came from the German submarine" is, to say the least, an over-simplification of history. The neutral policy of the United States in that crisis was subjected to many stresses and strains and it would be fairer to suggest that among these factors the U-boat warfare, carrying a threat both to American lives and property, was one of the most decisive.

The price people must be prepared to pay for peace is likewise emphasized in the volume by Messrs. Dulles and Armstrong. Although they touch upon the historical aspects of "the freedom of the seas" since 1812, and that with particular reference to the World War, these two experts are principally concerned with the implications of the neutrality legislation now before Congress. It is clear that these gentlemen do not favor a mandatory embargo policy. In that sense, their presentation furnishes support for the plea of Secretary Cordell Hull for legislation that will permit the Executive a certain discretion and flexibility in foreign policy. In order to elucidate their point Messrs. Dulles and Armstrong give five hypothetical situations in which the application of an automatic embargo might be futile or disastrous. In fine, they are convinced that "circumstances alter cases." As a practical measure, they suggest that a policy of what might be called *caveat mercator*—let the trader beware—will "probably be as efficacious in preventing the kind of incidents which tend to lead us into war as would much more drastic and elaborate legislation, and without the risks of involvement that more hard-and-fast rules might entail." And this is simply to ask our people whether they prefer profits or peace. Short of a spirit of Christian sacrifice it is impossible to avoid wars.

J. F. T.

The Spanish Main. Focus of Envy. By Philip Ainsworth Means. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

In these well-documented pages, drawn from materials and knowledge gained during years of research in many countries, Mr. Means describes the chief aspects of colonial rule in the Spanish Main for over three hundred years, and Spain's titantic struggle to defend her conquests against her envious rivals—England, France and the Netherlands.

By the Spanish Main the author designates the entire Caribbean Sea and the southern half of the Gulf of Mexico, together with the islands in those waters and the mainland adjacent thereto—*i. e.*, "the whole vast area where Spanish power in America had its inception and where its vital arteries of commerce and of administration lay throughout the colonial period."

The great wealth amassed by Spain through her American conquests and settlements (1492-1545),

and her stubborn refusal to allow any trading with her colonies, aroused the envy and the anger of the English, the French and the Dutch. They attempted to break her monopoly by contraband trade especially in Negro slaves, by government-backed piracy, and finally by planned settlements. The thieving, murderous buccaneers—Hawkins, Drake, Clifford, Morgan, Jackson, Le Clerc, Le Testu, Blondel and others are pictured to the life in these vivid pages, and sovereigns like Queen Elizabeth, "the Queen of Pirates," are held up to scorn for profiting by their crimes. We read with special interest of the quest for the mythical El Dorado by Orellana, de Aguirre and Raleigh.

Mr. Means' book is untainted with the anti-Spanish prejudice that fills the pages of many an English historian. He praises the Spanish kings for their zeal in spreading Christianity, the Spanish conquerors for preserving the ancient native races, the Spanish priests for their courage and holiness, the Spanish *encomienda* for the generous and high-minded character of its planning, despite its perversion at the hands of wicked and unscrupulous individuals. He gives Francisco de Victoria his rightful place as the founder of international law, adding: "He did by logical reasoning and by quiet analytical exposition all that could be done to save the Indians of America from injustice and oppression, and to him must go a large share of the credit for the fact that a desire for mercifulness became the central feature of Spanish colonial theory."

Mr. Means is a first rate authority on the Andean and Inca civilization, as scholars discovered when he published his books: *The Ancient Civilization of the Andes* and *The Fall of the Inca Empire*. He has done excellent field work in archæological research in Central and South America for the Smithsonian Institution, the Museum of the American Indian, the Heye Foundation, and the American Geographical Society. We look forward with pleasure to the other volumes he promises us. B. L. C.

With Napoleon in Russia. From the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. Edited by Georges Libaire. New York: William Morrow & Co. $4.00.

General de Caulaincourt was Master of the Horse to the Emperor and at his elbow during the Russian campaign and during his precipitous journey across Europe after the disastrous crossing of the Beresina. He was a man whom Napoleon trusted but did not favor. He served France and the Emperor because he loved both, but he served them with open eyes. This concatenation greatly enhances the value of the Memoirs.

While master and man sped through the days and nights of snow the former talked and the latter, robbing sleep, wrote down the day's grist. Thus Napoleon, whose every move rocked Europe, is drawn here with a rare intimacy. The ogre of the Continent becomes human but displays qualities to match his reputation, and the blind spots which brought about his fall only emphasize the essential quality of the man.

Even after leaving five hundred thousand men broken and wretched in the Russian snows, after witnessing the eclipse of his star at Beresina, he looked forward and not back; his journey, during which

the post horses were whipped to a frenzy, was not a retreat but a *tour de force* to compel circumstances to right themselves in "masterful administration of the unforseen."

The Emperor talked of men and his judgment of those around him was acute and comprehensive. He expected little from human nature and was tolerant of flaws which he discounted in advance. He was above petty revenge and while a tyrant to the world was not one to individuals. "I am supposed to be severe, even hard. So much the better. It saves me from having to be so."

England was a constant theme of talk, she was the evil force which kept all things askew, thwarting his plans for peace. Caulaincourt could see that a Napoleonic peace was for others a servitude, but not for the Emperor. Against the imperial dreams of development and glory stood the English gold which armed Europe. What bitter bread must he have eaten on the quarter-deck of the Bellerophon.

This is a book which no student of history should miss; few of us expected this side of the Elysian fields to learn so much of the mind of Bonaparte. The evidence of Caulaincourt is unimpeachable, we owe him a debt of gratitude for his cold hours of scribbling.

B. M. O'R.

Portrait of My Family: 1783-1896. By Derek Patmore. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.75.

Self-defense and mortification over his ignorance of family history in general, and of his illustrious great-grandfather in particular, led Derek Patmore, according to his own confession, to enter upon this *recherche du temps perdu*. After he had possessed himself of all the available facts, he wrote this brilliant and entertaining biography of the eminent Victorian and great poet, as seen through the eyes of his own family. The author's tone, modest and detached, would prove that with the artistic strain inherited from a German ancestor, has mingled no tincture of the Patmore arrogance. The publisher informs us that while the author was assembling his materials, the lost Patmore Family Bible, covering one hundred and fifty years, was suddenly restored to him by an unknown admirer. In addition to this he has been able to include recently discovered and hitherto unpublished letters of the poet to his third wife, thus throwing important light on the friendship with Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson. The volume has a format in perfect harmony with its main character. It is regrettable that careless proof reading failed to filter out some typographical errors.

The poet's early matriculation in the school of love started him on his lifelong preoccupation with subtle analyses of that complex passion. He was to celebrate the happy married life in his *Angel in the House*, and under the symbolism of the flesh, to present in his *Unknown Eros* the mystic union of God with the soul. Some one has paradoxically called Patmore the married monk. There are intimate accounts of his three marriages, of his conversion to the Catholic Church, of his interesting friendships. Of the sudden estrangement from Alice Meynell, in his latter years, the biographer writes that when "the infatuation of two intellects threatened to become something more dangerous, Alice Mey-

nell drew back afraid." Father Gerard Manley Hopkins is exonerated from the blame cast upon him hitherto for Patmore's destruction of the manuscript of his *Sponsa Dei*. "Undoubtedly Patmore burnt it of his own free will."

Austere, haughty, scornful of democracy and of contemporary credos, Patmore was not free from narrowness and bigotry. An intellectual aristocrat, he was indifferent to popular acclaim. Loftily he looked down on science as a fruitful source for poet's metaphor!

"Not greatly moved with awe am I
To learn that we may spy
Five thousand firmaments beyond
our own.
. . . . . .
Put by the Telescope!
Better without it man may see,
Stretch'd awful in the hush'd midnight,
The ghost of his eternity."

M. C. M.

Gustav Stresemann. His Diaries, Letters, and Papers. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Co. Vol. I. $5.00.

When the memoirs of Gustav Stresemann in a French and German edition were broadcast throughout Europe in 1932, there was a sharp cry of rage and chagrin from every section of the nationalist press in France. Brilliant commentators on world politics like "Verax" and "Pertinax" had never forgiven Aristide Briand for the Treaty of Locarno and the premature evacuation of the Rhineland. The frank revelations of Stresemann that he had throughout these negotiations acted from the most expedient of patriotic motives was proof positive to the spokesmen of the French Right that the Republic had surrendered tangible guarantees for the most illusory of paper promises. Since the architects of Locarno had worked largely within the framework of the League of Nations, French disappointment with that institution was accentuated by the new exposure of the inner workings of the oracle of Geneva. No one can claim that the publication of the Stresemann papers facilitated the task of the World Disarmament Conference. What is more important and more regrettable, it hastened the day of resignation for Dr. Heinrich Bruening as German Chancellor.

Nevertheless, a calm re-reading of the documentary evidence will demonstrate that the Stresemann-Bruening policy of "fulfillment and compromise" was a product of statesmanship, moderation, and good will. To be sure, the leader of the National Liberal Party continued to think in terms of *"Germania Irridenta,"* a restoration of lost colonies, and the reëmergence of the Reich as a world power, but all this was to be predicated not upon the vengeful smashing of France but upon the peaceful welding of Lorraine iron with the coal of the Saar. If the shadow of Hugo Stinnes overhung such an alliance, it was none the less a policy which did not presage the solution of difficulties by blood and iron.

Stresemann's love of history and literature shine forth upon almost every page of this volume. The Napoleonic era and the period of Goethe were his fields of predilection. Lessons of humanity drawn from both sustained him during the critical invasion of the Ruhr and his hundred days as Chancellor

when inflation was at its worst. The rest of his life was spent at the Foreign Office where he was as much of a fixture as Briand at the *Quai d'Orsay*. Nor should France and Germany soon forget the flaming challenge of these two statesmen at Geneva: "War will not come in Europe while we live!" There is a sort of poetic justice in the fact that Stresemann saw Paris before he died.

The first volume of these memoirs is beautifully printed on high-grade paper. The translation is clear and accurate. And the general reader will welcome a valuable glossary of proper names which is furnished in the appendix.

J. F. T.

SHORTER NOTICES

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: **Stalin.** By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Vyvyan Holland (New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00). This is not a biography of the Soviet dictator, but an atheistic bull of canonization. This ruthless foe of Christianity and the capitalistic *régime*, whose whole life translated into action the principle that the end justifies the means, is placed by Barbusse on a pedestal to be worshiped like a god. We understand that the author was Stalin's personal friend, and that he was given access to many a secret document. He proves his friendship by omitting all reference to Stalin's crimes; he gives little evidence of historical ability in the rambling biographical details he might have gathered from the newspapers of the world. Most of his book is devoted to fulsome praise of Communism, and to extravagant vituperation of every individual not in sympathy with the Bolsheviks' noble experiment. We hope that the exiled Trotsky, "the obstinate and verbose Menshevik, the self-important Ibsen hero," will some day give us another portrait of his one-time friend, the unspeakable Stalin.

The Genius of the Vatican. By Robert Sencourt (London: Jonathan Cape. 10 *s.* 6 *d.*). Having undertaken to write "a layman's book for laymen," on the Vatican, Robert Sencourt wisely decided that it would be necessary to sketch a historical background. This he does from the beginning, down to the reign of Pius IX. in Book One of the present volume, ending with the fall of the papal monarchy in September, 1870. From that moment the Vatican "disembarrassed of enmities and difficulties, made a new claim to universal loyalty." To its subsequent story, the author devotes the rest of the book, giving us an especially interesting chapter on the policy of the Holy See in the World War, and pointing out the sagacity of Benedict XV. Apparently he holds the Grand Orient responsible for the attitude of the European powers towards the papacy. Mr. Sencourt writes with a sort of graceful carelessness, but with unmistakable Catholic sympathies. The account of Mexico is good, but the description of the rest of Spanish America is confined to a sweeping statement of satisfactory conditions there. There are occasional misprints and other evidences of careless editing.

An Atlas of European History. By J. F. Horrabin (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50). One of the drawbacks to the reading of current

political news from Europe is the difficulty of keeping clearly in mind recent political and geographical changes. Few of us but have felt the need of some handy manual indicating the way in which national boundaries have been redrawn and why; and when Mr. Horrabin recently published a little *Atlas of Current Affairs*, it received instant welcome. He has now provided a companion volume which, in addition to a series of maps, contains an admirable summary of the historical background against which they must be placed for proper understanding. The maps are outline maps, seventy in number, the first twenty-eight dealing with the story of Europe from the Roman Empire down to the outbreak of the World War. The remaining forty-two sketch the development of particular regions or countries. By a system of cross lines on the different areas, the author makes it easy for the reader to get hold of the chief political and territorial changes. We know of no other book of the same size, from which the average person can obtain so clear an understanding of the outline of European history.

Histoire de L'Église. I.: L'Église Primitive. Par J. Lebreton and Jacques Zeiller (Paris: Bloud & Gay. 60 *fr.*). Our readers, no doubt, are already aware that under the general editorship of M. Augustin Fliche and Msgr. Victor Martin, thirty scholars have been organized into a corps to collaborate on a History of the Church in twenty-four volumes. Tome I., which deals with the first two centuries, is the work of R. P. Lebreton, already known for his treatise on the doctrine of the Trinity, and M. Zeiller, the distinguished historian of Christian origins. In the division of labor, M. Lebreton has appropriately taken up the early apologists, and the doctrinal controversies of the first two centuries. To M. Zeiller has been assigned the treatment of the hierarchy, the Roman primacy, the growth of Christianity, the persecutions and Catholic life during the same period. With its generous documentation, including references to recent books and periodicals in German, French and English, and its bibliography, good although not exhaustive, this first volume is a promise that the complete work will be a welcome addition to our literature on the history of the Church.

Literature and Fiction: Ship Without Sails. By Barbara Barclay Carter (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50). "Truly I have been a ship without sails and without rudder, carried to divers ports and gulfs and shores by the dry wind that blows from dolorous poverty." These words of the *Convivio* suggested the title of Miss Carter's charmingly written historical novel. She is well fitted to tell the story of the exiled Dante's twenty-nine years of wandering, for she has studied his writings thoroughly, and visited every city he honored by his stay. Fourteenth-century Italy and Paris are painted in exact and brilliant coloring in all their turbulent splendor; the continual strife of Guelphs and Ghibellines is vividly set forth; the poet's writings are cited to the point on nearly every page—his canzoni, his letters, his *Convivio*, his *Monarchia*, his *Divina Commedia*. There is a saying that it takes a poet to write of a poet. Miss Carter proves her title by her rendering of the many ex-

cerpts from Dante's writings. Again too by her creative imagination which enters into the very soul of the embittered exile.

William Lyons Phelps Yearbook (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). This beautifully printed and compact book reveals the wit, wisdom, and kindly humor of Professor Phelps in the form of thumbnail essays (or, better, "written conversations"), one for each day of the year. The contents are infinite in variety extending from Love of Life to Reading Diaries; from The Five Nicest Girls in nineteenth-century fiction to the Fickle Charm of April; from Life Everlasting to Reading as an Anesthetic; from Newman's Idea of a Gentleman to Serenades; from the Sheltered Life ("Nuns as a class are the happiest of all women") to Cursing in Rhyme. Here are facts we are glad to know but could not find for ourselves without endless searching; literary criticism at once shrewd and provocative; stimulating comments on books we should be sorry to have missed; appraisals of events, people and tendencies past and present so keen and sane that they serve as touchstones for our own. For any thinking mortal of either sex from eighteen to eighty this wise and endlessly delightful book is the perfect birthday gift.

RELIGION: **The Mystical Body of Christ.** By Fulton J. Sheen (New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50). Monsignor Sheen's new volume is the outgrowth of a study of the treatise of St. Thomas on the Mystical Body of Christ and the fundamental idea of that treatise is the inspiration of this book. Not a theological treatise, nor a work of apologetics, it attempts to make clear to the reader how essential is a knowledge of the Catholic doctrine of the Mystical Body to the carrying out of a fruitful apostolate. With Father Mersch, the author refers to the Vatican Council's *Schema* on the Church which contained the phrase "The Mystical Body of Christ," but reminds us that the doctrine itself has always been traditional in the Church. The term "Mystical"—coined in order to express the higher unity of the members of the Church, one with another and with their Head, Christ—distinguishes the Church as a moral being vivified by a hidden, mysterious, unifying Divine Spirit. The contribution of learning and of eloquence characteristic of Monsignor Sheen here again makes its appeal to a wide public.

Our Part in the Mystical Body. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (St. Louis: The Queen's Work. $1.00). At the Summer School of Catholic Action in 1934, Father Lord gave a course of lectures on the Mystical Body, choosing that subject because it seemed to him certain that this doctrine motivates Catholic Action more immediately than do any other doctrines. These lectures, here reproduced in twelve chapters, should be read carefully. In these critical times Catholics must learn to take their spiritual opportunities seriously, and in particular to face the consequences involved in the doctrine we are considering. As Father Lord says, "If any appreciably large body of Catholics were actually doing this, bringing the consequences of the truth of the Mystical Body to bear upon international relations, race questions, economic problems, the rights of the laborer and of the capitalist, politics, law, entertainment, society, the home

and family, modern business, we should be transforming the world with a bloodless revolution whose objective was peace and whose resultant was happiness for all."

Pain and the Providence of God. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.00). Carefully and completely the gifted author of this short treatise on the Problem of Evil presents virtually all the aspects of that puzzling subject which the average person will ever have to consider. In the form of a symposium, objections to the Providence of God, drawn from the presence of suffering and evil in the world, are submitted successively by the atheist, the scientist, the agnostic, the doubter; and counter considerations are presented skillfully, and perhaps as convincingly as the subject permits. An impartial judge would unquestionably decide that the objectors failed to make good their case. The contention that the presence of suffering and evil in the world is unreconcilable with the goodness and omnipotence of God was clearly not proven; but the judge might well add that the way to reconcile the conflicting data still remains an unanswered mystery. No man can hope ever to see or to explain satisfactorily the ways of God so vastly different from man's.

Religion Outlines for Colleges. By John M. Cooper, D.D. (Washington: The Catholic Education Press. Course I. $1.40). Dr. Cooper's course of Religion needs neither introduction nor commendation. Solid, interesting, and practical, it has been used so widely that no well informed educator can be unaware of its excellence. It is the kind of text for which Catholic schools waited impatiently during many years; and they have been outspoken in the expression of their satisfaction at having received it. The one possible shortcoming that has been noted, is its age. For we are moving fast, in these present days, and the text of Course One is already ten years old. The author has now provided a second edition. It contains about one hundred pages of new, or at least rewritten material; and several old pages have been eliminated. A few items have been dropped from the bibliography and many have been added. Moreover, here and there throughout the volume, fresh emphasis has been laid upon unselfishness as the very essence of the Catholic ideal. And if the phrase, "Catholic Action," does not occur frequently in these pages, the idea is obviously at the foundation of the author's whole treatment.

The Pre-Nicene Church: A Symposium. Preface by Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 7 *s.* 6 *d.*). The Cambridge Summer School Lectures for 1934 deal with the Church of the first three centuries. The eleven contributors, who cover doctrine, history, and ecclesiastical custom, include recognized authorities such as Father Martindale, Abbot Cabrol, Father Hugh Pope, Father Philip Hughes, and the editor himself. Taking into account the necessary limitations imposed upon a collection of this kind, one must allow to the papers here presented both interest and value. Perhaps they will serve best the purpose of making the general reader acquainted with various aspects of a very important period and of providing clues which, if followed up, will lead to the accumulation of precious knowledge. The chapters are, it must be remembered, lectures of a semi-

popular kind, no more than that.

One Small House of Nazareth. By Lamplighter (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 2 *s.* 6 *d.*). That large and enthusiastic group of readers who declared themselves greatly pleased with *The Children of the Lantern*, will be glad to learn that in this new book, Lamplighter tells all about those thirty hidden intimate years which the Holy Family spent together before our Blessed Lord went out to teach. The author in addition to having had a wide experience with children, has learned much also, one may safely surmise, from hours spent alone with God. The last part of the book contains a number of prayers suitable for children and for the childlike. We recommend this little volume from every point of view. It is instructive, edifying and pleasant to the eye.

MISCELLANEOUS: **An Essay Toward a History of Education.** By W. J. Kane, S.J. (Chicago: Loyola University Press. $2.40). In writing his book, Father Kane has kept in mind the existence of prejudice on the part of both Catholics and non-Catholics, and he has used the authority of non-Catholic scholars in every instance where choice was reasonably possible. To enter upon the almost impossible task of condensing this history of education into one volume, one needs a range of vision, a love of truth, a fine sense of values and a gift of intelligible presentation far above the ordinary. Father Kane has all these qualifications; moreover, he has read enormously and he summarizes the results skillfully. As it stands, his work deserves to be called the most satisfactory textbook on the subject now available in English. The bibliographical notes at the end of each chapter enrich the book and the list of topics for discussion is valuable for use in the classroom.

In Quest of Beauty. By Dom Willibrord Verkade, O.S.B. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00). In these delightful pages, the genial and talented Dom Verkade writes glowingly of his thirty "happy and fruitful" years spent in St. Martin's cloister at Beuron. He tells us of the "serene unruffled peace" of the novitiate; of his theological studies and artistic labors during his clericate; of his happiness in being ordained and becoming a full-fledged monk. Despite the fact that his work of decorating churches took him to Munich, Vienna, Monte Cassino, and the Holy Land, he never became alienated from his monastery and its life; he always felt keenly the need of following out the monastic routine in its smallest detail—because he loved it. The book reveals the man as a true religious and a consummate artist, who undertook his every commission only under obedience. We are given critical estimates of many a famous painter; we read of the author's travels, his favorite books, his many friends, his love of home and kindred. In answer to hostile critics he concludes: "I never regretted becoming a Catholic: I have been very happy in the Church and in my order."

Political Handbook of the World, 1936. Edited by Walter H. Mallory (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). This manual is a readable summary of information about all the countries of the world,—the form of government, the chief political parties with their leaders and their platforms, the political affiliations of their chief newspapers and period-

icals. Published annually since 1928, it has been thoroughly revised as of January 1st of this year. It is the sort of volume which one must have at hand in order to follow intelligently the political news of the day, and is therefore practically indispensable for students and writers on political matters. The editor's work has been performed with scrupulous care, and the abundant information contained in the volume is distributed in such a way as to be easily accessible.

Mars His Idiot. By H. M. Tomlinson (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). Here is a treatise on war, written by one who has seen it close up and recognized it for the offspring of sentimentality out of viciousness. Mr. Tomlinson speaks clearly and vehemently. His book will confirm the pacifist and pass unheeded by the warrior. It may help some of the wavering indeterminates to choose a road. At any rate, it is a brave effort to stimulate clear thinking, and it is, incidentally, couched in the admirable English which distinguishes all this author's writings.

Poetry Contest: We are happy to announce a contest for a poem in honor of Our Lady, sponsored by *America*, and made possible by the generosity of a friend of that magazine, eager to give Our Lady vicariously the "exquisite praise" which he is powerless to express himself. The contest is open to any poet, Catholic and non-Catholic, in North America. Each poet may offer three poems previously unpublished and not exceeding fifty lines in length. They must be in the hands of the Rev. Francis Talbot, S.J., before the 1st of June. Two prizes will be offered, a first of $100.00 and a second of $50.00. We both desire and anticipate an enthusiastic response out of which may come *the* great poem in honor of our Blessed Mother. At any rate it should be an incentive to all our poets, major and minor.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of The Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. O'R.: Bryan M. O'Reilly, writer and critic, New York City.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author and critic, Searsdale, N. Y.; former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times;* author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; associate editor of *Thought* for the department of International Relations; chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. J. W.: James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., Sc.D., Litt.D., author and educator, Professor of Physiological Psychology, Cathedral College, New York City; author of *Makers of Modern Medicine, Education of the Founding Fathers of the Republic*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *The Sacrament of Duty, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

J. W. L.: James W. Lane, art and literary critic, St. James, L. I.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and University Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROS., New York:

Self-Conquest. Compiled and Edited by Rev. F. H. Lasance. $1.00. *Rest Awhile.* By Sister St. Michael Cowan, of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost. $1.25. *The Happy Ascetic: Adolph Petit, S.J.* By Joseph R. N. Maxwell, S.J. $1.75.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO., New York:

A Saint of Today. By Joseph J. Daley, S.J. $2.00.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

The Place of Help. By Oswald Chambers. $1.50.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Return to Philosophy. By C. E. M. Joad. $2.50.

HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:

Why Keep Them Alive? By Paul de Kruif in collaboration with Rhea de Kruif. $3.00.

HARPER & BROS., New York:

The Dawn of a New Era, 1250-1453. By Edward P. Cheyney. $3.75. *Discoveries of a Music Critic.* By Paul Rosenfeld. $3.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Mr. Pelly's Little House. By Ralph S. Mooney. $2.00. *Rabble Rouser.* By Charles Morrow Wilson. $2.00.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

Freedom, Farewell! By Phyllis Bentley. $2.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Polonaise Militaire. By Jewell Miller. $2.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Which Way for Our Children? By Alberta Munkres. $2.00. *Jesus Manifest.* By Dmitri Merejowski. Translated by Edward Gellibrand. $2.75.

SHEED & WARD, New York:

An Augustine Synthesis. Arranged by Erich Przywara, S.J. $4.00. *The Intellectualism of St. Thomas.* By Pierre Rousselot, S.J. Translated by Father James E. O'Mahoney, O.M.Cap., M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D. $2.50. *The Unfinished Universe.* By T. S. Gregory. $3.00.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, New York:

Wake Up and Live. By Dorothea Brande. $1.75.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:

Christina. By Claude Houghton. $2.50.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia:

The Battleground. By Hilaire Belloc. $4.00.

TELEGRAPH PRESS, Harrisburg:

Mother Goose in Washington. Anonymous. $1.00.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

The Hurricane. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. $2.50. *My Life in Architecture.* By Ralph Adams Cram. $3.50.

McLAUGHLIN & REILLY, Boston:

Sacred Music and the Catholic Church. By Rev. George V. Predmore.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis:

Foundations of Morality. By the Rev. Ludwig Ruland, D.D. Adapted Into English by Rev. T. A. Rattler, O.S.A. Edited by Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. $3.00. *God: His Existence and His Nature.* By Rev. R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Dom Bede Rose, O.S.B., D.D. Vol. II. $4.00. *From Death to Life.* Edited by J. Salsmans, S.J. Translated by Rev. Lawrence McReavy, M.A., D.C.L. $1.25. *Pioneers of the Faith.* By Lieut.-Col. Francis J Bowen, $1.75.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee:

Catholic Life and Action. By Hieronymus Jaegen. Translated by Berchmans Bittle, O.M.Cap. $2.00.

MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee:

A Catholic Looks at His World. By Bernard Iddings Bell. $1.25.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London:

The Teaching of St. Augustine on Prayer. By Father Hugh Pope, O.P. 6 *s.* *The Inner Temple.* By Rev. S. M. Shaw. 3 *s.* 6 *d.* *The Labour Contract.* By Professor B. F. Shields, M.A. 5 *s.*

"LIGHT OF THE EAST" OFFICE, Calcutta:

The Challenge of the Eternal Religion. By E. De Meulder, S.J.

EDITIONS A. CORREA, Paris:

Approximations. Par Charles Du Bos. Sixième Série. 30 *fr.*

EDITIONS BERNARD GRASSET, Paris:

Le Pèlerin de Paris. Par Albert Garreau. 15 *fr.* *L'Église et la Science.* Par Louis De Launay. 15 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Le Prêtre français et la Société contemporaine. Par J. Brugerette. 45 *fr.* *Annuaire Général Catholique, 1935. Sept Ans à la Suite de St. Thomas d'Aquin pour l'Examen Particulier.* Par Rev. E. Dussault, D.D. 12 *fr.*

EDITIONS DE LA CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE, Bruxelles:

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